



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

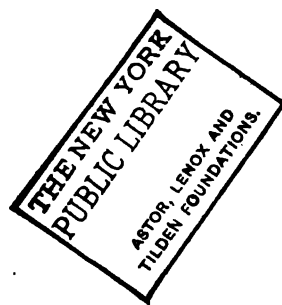
AN

(BOWEN, C.)

Digitized by Google

CUNNINGHAM

LORD BOWEN





J. Thayer, Photo.

Walker & Doolittle, Ph.D.

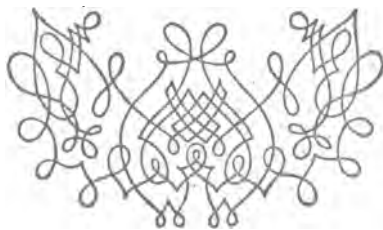
Charles Bowser

LORD BOWEN

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

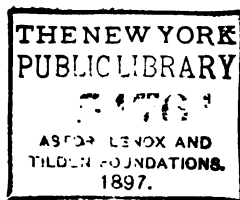
WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS
VERSES

By SIR HENRY STEWART CUNNINGHAM
K.C.I.E.



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1897



LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE to acknowledge my obligation to several of Lord Bowen's friends who have helped me in the compilation of this sketch—notably, to the Hon. George Brodrick, Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff, Lord Justice Fry, Lord Davey, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Bullock Hall, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Wells, Professor Robinson Ellis, the Rev. W. G. Cole, and the Rev. Arthur Austen Leigh, who have been good enough to furnish personal recollections or letters.

These communications, too long to be conveniently embodied in the sketch, and too valuable to be curtailed, are collected in a separate volume ; but I have taken advantage of the writers' permission to make free use of them whenever it seemed desirable for the purposes of the memoir. It was in the first instance written for Charles Bowen's family, and I have occasionally inserted letters

which, from their familiarity, might seem scarcely fitted, as they were certainly not intended, for the eyes of any but intimate friends. It has been found that the interest in the subject extended to a wider circle, and the sketch is now, accordingly, offered to the public. I have not, however, thought it necessary to alter the original structure of the work, and so, perhaps, rob the portrait of some characteristic traits.

H. S. C.

December 9, 1896.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION	PAGE I
CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL LIFE	10
LIFE AT OXFORD	27
LIFE IN LONDON	76
THE BAR	114
THE BENCH	143
SOCIETY AND LITERATURE	177
CLOSING YEARS	223

LORD BOWEN.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN a friend, loved and admired, passes away from us, there is a natural desire for something which may serve to give distinctness and permanence to the impression which he made upon us in his lifetime. Such a desire is reasonable. When nothing of the sort is done, we become more than ever conscious of a loss which, in one sense, grows with the lapse of time. The definite outline becomes blurred; year by year the figure stands out in less bold and clear relief; the colours fade; recollections, however affectionately cherished, become vague, faint, and inaccurate. So the dull processes of oblivion begin. Natural, however, as such a wish may be, its fulfilment presents grave difficulties to him who attempts it. It is no easy task to delineate or analyze the qualities which have combined to form an impressive and delightful

B

personality. So much, in such cases, is indescribable, or describable only by reference to those inner and subtle phases of character which cannot be dragged into publicity. We know by melancholy experience how perilous is the attempt to portray, through the cold medium of written description, the influence of personal charm. The pen, however conscientiously handled, is—as a hundred ambitious failures remind us—but a coarse and feeble instrument for the appreciation of the nameless magic, the infection of intellectual or spiritual mood, the moral magnetism, the indefinable influence on heart and nerve, which give some favoured natures so powerful a hold upon the affections of their fellow-men. The volatile essence escapes while we examine it. The residuum is always disappointing. How vapid, trivial, and overstrained seems often the recorded eloquence which, we know, stirred great assemblies to the quick, “shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece”! How commonplace the treasured sayings of historical conversationalists! What less exhilarating than the array of witticisms with which too faithful chroniclers justify the reputation of accomplished members of Society! Whence, we wonder, came the magic which gave phrases such

as these their potency over the hearts and intellects of mankind? As well ask whence comes the magic of music, or the charm of the landscape which fades from our view before we have drunk our fill of its delight.

The difficulty of adequate portraiture is enhanced in the case of men whose energies have been concentrated on an absorbing profession. Such a man's real work, the serious efforts and successes of his career, his intellectual idiosyncrasies, his moral gifts, are known to a comparatively narrow circle of observers, who watch him from day to day at his task, and are competent to form a just estimate of his achievements. The outside world must take him largely on trust. It sees the result in his successes, his rise to eminent position, his selection for important and difficult duties, the professional ascendancy which the verdict of his contemporaries accords. But the real nature of these successes it knows only by hearsay. The distinguished judge leaves no adequate monument but his judgments; and these are accessible and intelligible to none but the few who possess the requisite knowledge, skill, and assiduity to study them understandingly. Outside his Court and the Reports in which his utterances are recorded, he

is—so far as any real appreciation of his powers goes—almost unknown. If he lapses into literature, or amuses himself with Society, it is in leisure moments when his real business is, perforce, at a standstill; when an exhausted brain or shattered bodily powers warn him from continued intellectual strain; when his doctor has insisted on an interval of idleness, and bade him, if he wishes to escape from an impending collapse, to devote himself strenuously to being amused. The world, accordingly, never sees him at his best—never knows the real man, in the full vigour of body and mind, in the full swing of unimpaired energies, the delightful consciousness of intellectual prowess. When he writes, it is probably for the purpose of diverting his thoughts from topics whose too engrossing interest has overtaxed nerve and brain, or, as a *tour de force*, in some rare moment of leisure snatched from the turmoil of a professional career. When he shines in drawing-rooms, it is often because he feels incapable of shining with his proper lustre in Court. He is trifling because Nature has rebelled against too protracted seriousness. The bow is unstrung that it may recover its elasticity. Such men's relaxation is likely to be more edifying than the strenuous activity of less-

gifted natures ; and Society, dazzled and delighted, forgets that the performance which it admires is not the measure of what the man can do, but the pastime with which he has been ordered to refresh himself as the penalty of overtaxed energies and the condition of possible return to the serious business of existence.

But there are graver difficulties than these in the way of such a sketch as that which I am now attempting. Some natures, perhaps the happiest, possess the convenient attribute of transparency. Their thoughts, their tastes, their struggles,—each step in their mental and moral development,—are open to all who care to know about them. They are inspired by a frankness—not wholly untinged, perhaps, by vanity—which disposes them to talk about themselves. They break out in autobiographies and personal recollections. With amiable *naïveté* they proffer to the public eye the vagaries of a restless intellect, the conflict of reason and faith, “the pageant of a bleeding heart.” As regards their own mental history, such persons have no private life, nor wish to have it. The first-comer is welcome to enter and make himself at home. The biographers of such persons have an easy task. The difficulty begins with natures of less simple

texture, and temperaments less unreserved. There are minds which are dominated by an instinctive reserve. They have intellectual and moral recesses, the gloom of which they themselves hardly venture to explore, problems which they give up as insoluble, depths which no plummet may sound, obstinate questionings to which no answer is forthcoming, mysteries of their own consciousness before which they stand in mute bewilderment. The last thing which natures so constituted can endure is the idea of the prying eye and officious tongue, which would destroy the privacy of existence, invade the recesses of thought and feeling, and make their inner life the theme of common talk. To invite the public to walk in, observe, and criticize, seems to them a sort of desecration of holy places, which should be guarded in obscurity. If they have a strong emotion, their first impulse is to shroud it from notoriety. Some friendly ear may, in some especially confidential moment, catch a hint of that which lies beneath ; but such flashes of outspokenness are few and far between. To the world at large the man remains inscrutable. To the acquaintances of Society he shows in abundance all that Society demands—brilliancy, affability, sympathetic good-nature, amusement. His inner—his

real self—is shrouded in impenetrable reserve. His fun is often the unconscious artifice of Nature guarding itself against unwelcome invasion. With a dexterous hand he guides conversation away from topics which may aid the invader's movements. He is an adept in the arts of polite but effectual resistance to the too eager familiarity which is inquisitive, and may soon become impertinent. If he ever unlocks the secret chambers of his soul, it is under conditions which impose an eternal silence on those who are allowed to enter. How, without betrayal of sacred confidence, can any attempt at the portraiture of such a character be made?

In Lord Bowen's case the difficulty is enhanced by the circumstance that the two persons best qualified from long and intimate friendship to form a judgment on his life and character passed from the scene within a few weeks of his death. The late Master of Balliol, exercising a discretion which, without questioning, we may be allowed to deplore, directed a holocaust of his papers, and among them perished, it is certain, much that would have exhibited Charles Bowen in one of the most interesting phases of his character—his warm affection and unswerving loyalty to a teacher whom he

revered. Lord Coleridge, who early appreciated his brilliant junior's endowments, and who remained on terms of confidential and affectionate intimacy to the end, survived just long enough to learn and mourn his friend's death. He is no longer here to give—as he would, one knows, have given in a delightful form—the result of his lifelong friendship. The loss in either case is irreparable.

No adequate account of Charles Bowen's life and character can, accordingly, be given. None the less, those who loved him and who knew how truly lovable he was, cannot but crave for some lasting embodiment of their remembrance. Little or much as we may have known, or may know, an impression remains, too dear to be allowed to fade. Some definite portrait we must have—however inadequate and unworthy—round which our thoughts may rally, and which may give precision, reality, and life to the floating images which memory—treacherous and wayward servant at the best—brings fitfully before the mind's eye. The physical portrait, faulty and insufficient as the eye of affection feels it to be, is, nevertheless, not without its value. It cannot fill the void—it cannot lessen the sense of loss; it falls short in a hundred ways of all that we remember of the living man. None the less we prize it. Some

such value may, it is hoped, attach to the attempt to group into a consistent whole, and embody in a permanent form, some scattered recollections, which no one who knew Lord Bowen would willingly let die.

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL LIFE.

CHARLES SYNGE CHRISTOPHER BOWEN was born January 1, 1835, at Woolaston, a village near Chepstow, in Gloucestershire, of which his father, the Rev. Christopher Bowen, had at that time the curacy. Mr. Bowen came of an Irish family from County Mayo. In theology he was a pronounced member of the Evangelical school. He was a man of exceptional vigour both in mind and body, of natural gentleness and calm, and of considerable gifts. He abounded in amusing stories of the Ireland of former days. He had a fine voice, was an excellent reader, and his children enjoyed no greater treat than to lie on the hearthrug and listen to his rendering of one of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Bowen was subsequently for some years curate of the Abbey Church at Bath. Thence he was transferred to the Rectory of Southwark, and, subsequently, to St. Thomas's, Winchester. Later

in life he settled at Totland, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Bowen, as an Irish proprietor, had suffered from the famine years, and the family, in its various homes, lived in frugal fashion. He died, in a very hale old age, when on a visit to the Riviera in 1890.

Charles Bowen's maternal grandmother, Lady Steele, was a daughter of Count d'Alton, an Austrian officer of distinction, one of the Imperial chamberlains at the Court of Joseph II. He fell in the trenches of Dunkirk, while co-operating with an English force against a French Revolutionary army. His widow, an Irish Clancarty by descent, was a fervent adherent of Marie Antoinette, and much esteemed in Royalist circles. She migrated to England, where her second daughter, Charles Bowen's grandmother, married Sir R. Steele, an Irish baronet, and an officer in the 4th Dragoon Guards, then quartered near Dublin. Lady Steele moved for a while in the society of Dublin and its little Court; but gradually withdrew into a small circle of congenial religious friends, and devoted herself to a life of study and benevolence. She was not slow to recognize her grandson's brilliant promise, and took a lively interest in his school and college career. To her intelligence, seriousness,

and strength of will, it is probable that Charles Bowen was indebted for some of his most characteristic gifts.

At ten years of age Charles Bowen was sent to school at Lille, along with his younger brother, Edward. Here the two lads spent a year, learning French and laying the foundation of a polite education. This period of expatriation—necessitated by the mother's broken health—was not altogether a happy one for the little exiles. The *régime* was strict, and Charles underwent some harsh treatment. There are letters—monthly productions, apparently—from Charles to his father and mother, the phenomenal propriety and laboured caligraphy of which suggest the superintendence of a friendly critic's eye. Charles writes that he has begun Latin, and is in the second book of the "*Æneid*." He was evidently a precocious child. "I should like," he says, "to begin Greek again, for I have forgotten all but a few words." Strange utterance for a ten-years-old scholar, which sounds as if no time had been lost at home in starting the prize-man of the future on his career of letters. He is learning French fables, he tells his mother, and is progressing favourably in *le dessin*. "I hope that when I shall see you again, I shall be able to draw pretty well." The little

learners were hard-worked indeed. "We have ten hours of lessons in the day, and we have begun geometry, though not in our own but in another French book, which I do not like half as well as Euclid. We are obliged to pronounce the Latin just as we would pronounce our French, which improves it very much, I think, and which is much better for us, for it teaches us to read French as well as the Latin."

There are, happily, some lighter touches, more consonant with childhood's wants and tastes. "On Thursday last," Charles writes, "we walked to Menin, which is sixteen miles off; there I bought some skates, and we came back in a little *voiture* when it was quite dark, and they did not give us a lantern; therefore we were nearly upset twice. There is a great difference between the towns of France and England, for the towns of France, at least those of the frontier, are all fortified; and in England there is no need of all this fortification, for the sea is enough defence for it."

In a more natural vein is an account of Madame Marzials' *fête*, which is duly celebrated by holiday-making, presentation of presents and flowers, a state dinner at half-past three, and a "party" at seven, at which were "all our boys, the professors, and six or

seven young ladies. We played blind-man's buff, and a French game called 'Toilette,' which I am just going to explain to you. . . . Thus ended the birthday of Madame Marzials."

"As a child," writes Edward Bowen of his brother, "he was a great reader, and a very fast one. Our books were few, but very well read. Two volumes of Johnson's complete works were a great treasure, and the 'Rambler' and 'Idler'; of course all Scott, and as much Shakespeare and Spenser as he could understand. But games were, also, never out of his thoughts or his ambitions. He was physically strong and active then and for several years after; in fact, till his law work began. He is the only person I have ever known to jump a cow as it stood."

From Lille, Charles Bowen was sent to Blackheath Proprietary School, where he remained for three years, learning, amongst other good things, to be an excellent cricketer. Here the character and powers of the young student made themselves distinctly apparent. In September, 1850, we find the Rev. E. J. Selwyn, the Head-master, writing to Dr. Goulburn, Head-master of Rugby, with reference to Charles's entrance at a public school. He speaks of his appetite for knowledge in every

branch of learning, and "his capability for acquiring and digesting and retaining it as of a very remarkable order." His capabilities had, it would seem, been severely tested. "Among the subjects he has read with me," says Mr. Selwyn, "are the 'Hecuba,' the 'Medea,' and the 'Ajax,' the first book of Herodotus, a good deal of the 'Cyropædia,' some of the orations of Demosthenes, several books of Homer, a good many Idylls of Theocritus, and the first book of Thucydides ; and, in Latin, most of Horace, a good many Orations of Cicero, the third book of the 'De Officiis,' nearly the whole of the 'De Oratore,' and, I think, the Georgics. As far as my recollection serves me, this is a tolerably accurate account of his reading, though it does not include all. In composition he is quite as successful as I have ever found boys of his age, and in Latin Elegiacs his advance has been lately rather remarkable : a fatal facility is sometimes his bane in this particular. Indeed, his chief defect is an occasional tendency to inaccuracy, but not at all remarkable in a boy so young and so advanced." He had suffered, Mr. Selwyn thought, "from the absence of the kind of support which the society of active and honourable rivals always furnishes to boys of an aspiring disposition. His temperament is very

nervous and excitable : a harsh word will easily disconcert him, and he readily forms attachments to those who are set over him, and will take pride in pleasing them."

"In respect of moral character," Mr. Selwyn goes on to say, "I would willingly believe that he is even a pious boy ; or, if that be a quality beyond the range of our power to certify with perfect security, he is, at least, all that a boy may be, short of that. Of the soundness of his principles and the genuineness and sincerity of his motives, I have never had the shadow of a doubt. Of his truthfulness and love of truth in others I have the highest opinion, and I can bear strong testimony to his unflinching adherence to the truth under all circumstances. The excellent manner in which he has been brought up under the immediate and unfailing care of his parents manifests itself in him most conspicuously. I dare not say that he has been tested yet as he will be tested at Rugby, where the temptations and other incentives to err are probably so much greater than at Blackheath. When, however, the time comes that shall try him, I shall indeed be surprised if he be found not to stand the test."

Amplly indeed did Charles Bowen justify this agreeable prophecy. In 1850 he was entered at

Rugby in the School House, then presided over by Dr. Goulburn, who had, some months previously, become Head-master of the school. Bowen and several other clever new-comers—amongst them Robinson Ellis, now Professor of Latin at Oxford, and T. H. Green, the well-known tutor at Balliol—were placed in the Upper Fifth, the highest Form in which the rules of the school permitted a new boy to begin his Rugby career. The master of this Form was Mr. Bradley, the present Dean of Westminster. Besides his master in Form, each boy had a private tutor, and the tutor, in the first instance, selected for Charles Bowen was the Rev. G. E. L. Cotton, subsequently Head-master of Marlborough and Bishop of Calcutta. Mr. Bradley was not long in discovering that it was no ordinary pupil with whom he had to deal. He describes him as a boy to whom his heart at once went out—full of life, energy, and interest in all things, quick in intellectual movement, voracious in literary appetite—altogether delightfully clever.

“I remember,” says Mr. H. T. Rhoades, one of Charles Bowen’s school-fellows at Rugby, “his arrival at school. He came in the middle of the term, the evening before the whole holiday, on which nearly every boy made some excursion for

c

the day. I was living in the town, and, as our families were acquainted, I went to the School House to get him to spend the day with us; and, much to my surprise, I found him in the dormitory, reading 'Alcestis' for his amusement."

At the end of the first half-year, Charles Bowen's and Robinson Ellis's names appeared at the head of the list. This involved their promotion to the "Twenty," a Form which intervened between the Fifth and Sixth. Charles Bowen thus passed from Mr. Bradley's Form instruction. In 1852, however, on Mr. Cotton's appointment to Marlborough, Bowen became Mr. Bradley's private pupil, and continued to be so for the rest of his Rugby career. He and seven or eight other pupils were constantly in their tutor's study. A close and intimate friendship was cemented between the two, and Mr. Bradley obtained a fuller insight into the young scholar's extraordinary gifts. "There was," writes Dean Bradley, "a great power in him of covering quickly a large and varied field of work. In this, I have had no pupil at Rugby who could be compared with him. I remember well how, in his last year and a half, he would bring me his 'Corpus Poetarum,' and I would suggest to him large portions of Lucretius, as well as of later poets—

Juvenal, Martial, Lucan, and even Claudian—for private reading; and I remember the surprise with which I have received his request for more, showing me how much he had contrived to read since he had last consulted me.”

Such powers and such diligence produced the natural result. Honours soon began to rain apace. The Rugby Miscellany for 1853 records a prize poem on “Venice,” recited by Charles Bowen in Rugby School on June 21st. In the same year he was successful in gaining the prize for the Parker Theological Essay, by a disquisition on “The Several Parts of Public Worship, and their relation to each other as illustrated by the Morning and Evening Services of the Church.” Opinions will differ, probably, as to the wisdom of inviting lads of seventeen to enter upon a grave theological disquisition, and to display a familiarity with a host of Fathers, Divines, and other ecclesiastical magnates, which it would be equally impossible and undesirable that they should really enjoy. Charles Bowen’s essay was, however, a remarkable performance. The extraordinary diligence which characterized all his work was apparent in an imposing array of authorities; grave opinions are enumerated with the solemnity which the occasion demanded,

and a rich profusion of theological lore, skilfully thrown into artistic form, reaped its appropriate reward in the eulogium of a learned prelate, the Bishop of Winchester, who wrote to congratulate Mr. Bowen on a son of such fine theological promise.

Other successes were soon to come. In 1854 C. Bowen won the Queen's Medal for Modern History and the prize for a Latin essay. In November, 1853, he went up to Oxford as a candidate for the Balliol Scholarship, and came back to school having achieved this much-coveted distinction. "I never before or since," says Dean Bradley, "in my long experience as a schoolmaster, wrote the usual formal testimonial for a pupil of whose success I felt so absolutely certain. He remained at Rugby till the following summer, and was, I need hardly say, quite the heroic figure in the society of his contemporaries. His high spirit, his high principles, his great humour, his prominence in all outdoor school amusements and pursuits, secured him the affection of his friends, and the homage (for it almost amounted to that) of the mass of his schoolfellows."

This hero-worship was, no doubt, intensified by an episode which, about this time, presented the young scholar to an admiring world in an attitude

which all could appreciate—that of the physical champion of an injured cause. It was the fashion of that day to call in question the Monitorial System, which Dr. Arnold had established with such marked success at Rugby, and which the other great English schools were hastening to introduce. Prominent among the assailants was the *Daily News*, and a representative of that journal happened to be at Rugby when an incident—of common enough occurrence in school-life—seemed to offer excellent material for a fresh assault. Three little boys—none of them within measurable distance of the Sixth Form—got into a quarrel while out jumping. The quarrel ended in two of them pushing the third into a brook which he could not summon up courage to jump. A grotesque misrepresentation of this childish squabble appeared in the *Daily News*, with an appropriate denunciation of the system under which such oppression could occur. Boyish indignation is quickly kindled, and Rugby was very indignant. As ill-luck would have it, Charles Bowen and the guilty newspaper correspondent crossed each other's paths. The school-hero promptly called the calumniator to account. An altercation ensued; and how easy and natural the lapse from words to blows! The proceeding

was a hazardous one, for Charles Bowen was, says the Dean of Wells, "two or three stone lighter than his antagonist, a burly man of forty, broad shouldered, six feet high, and powerful, fourteen stone." Fortune, however, favoured audacity. The man of letters succumbed to the youthful prowess of his assailant, and was forced to retreat, worsted, from the field—worsted, but not resourceless; for the strong arm of the law was invoked, and Charles Bowen's joy of victory was sobered by the arrival of a summons to answer a charge of assault before a bench of Warwickshire magistrates. Things were beginning to look serious; there is extant a letter of Charles Bowen's to his brother, in which he sets out his case with studied moderation, and is evidently anxious as to the impression which the story might make upon his parents. Happily the Bench rose to the occasion, appreciated the excessive provocation which had betrayed the young Rugbeian to a deed of violence, and imposed a fine so nominal as to leave no doubt that the defendant's behaviour was more than half approved. The hero of the occasion returned to his co-mates more heroic than ever.

There was, however, plenty of scope at Rugby for athletic distinctions of a less equivocal order.

Charles Bowen had thrown himself with ardour into the games of the place,* attained the distinction—dearest of earthly honours to the schoolboy heart—of a place in the school Eleven, and became a redoubtable champion of the football field. Rugby football was then, as it is now, a somewhat rough form of amusement to those who took a prominent part in it, well calculated to stir the combatant to an angry mood. Nothing, however—not even the heat of physical encounter—could ruffle Bowen's urbanity, the sweetness of his temper. One of the combatants in those Homeric struggles still recalls the "angelic smile" with which Bowen, after carrying discomfiture into the enemy's ranks, and being himself the object of many rude assaults, would emerge from the fiercest football scrimmage.

About this time Charles Bowen was within measurable distance of becoming a soldier, a profession in which throughout life he took a lively interest, and for which he always felt a strong predilection. The war with Russia—the tragic excitements of Crimean battle-fields—were firing

* The Dean of Wells, T. W. Jex-Blake, records an occasion in May, 1851, on which Charles Bowen, then "a new fellow," created a sensation in a House Match between the School House and "Cotton's," by hitting Godfrey Lushington, the champion bowler of Cotton's, "for five to leg."

the blood of the youth of England, and Dean Bradley relates how, when a certain number of commissions were placed by the War Office at the disposal of the head-master, Bowen was sorely exercised in mind by the temptation of a military career. Some overtures to his father on the subject encountered, we may believe, a discouraging reception, for the idea was ultimately abandoned. Bowen was now too hard at work to indulge in day-dreams, military or other. His teachers, however, appear sometimes to have tried his temper. In a book of notes, taken under Dr. Goulburn's instruction, occurs a little outbreak of impatience. "I protest," writes the young student, "against taking these notes, and solemnly declare that I take them only under physical compulsion." Despite such occasional lapses, Charles Bowen proved himself a model scholar. In June, 1854, he left Rugby, his honours thick upon him. His crowning achievement was to win the First Exhibition, the examiners adding "Facile Princeps" to his name. His fame still lives in Rugby tradition. Βοῆν ἀγαθός became a school watchword, and Gray's ode—

"Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong"—

was adapted to a later hero-worship by the addition

of an initial "B." "What impressed his contemporaries," says Mr. H. T. Rhoades, "was the union of brilliance and sound qualities with great athletic powers. He gained the cup held by the winner of the greatest number of 'events' in the athletic games, and he was, without exception, the finest football-player I remember."

Professor Robinson Ellis, Charles Bowen's friend and most formidable competitor at Rugby, furnishes some interesting reminiscences of their careers—of struggles in which victory fell sometimes to one, sometimes to the other; of the resolution of each—successfully accomplished—to break the spell which for seven years had denied to Rugby the honour of a Balliol Scholarship; and of tragic vicissitudes which shook the calm of schoolboy life: such, for instance, as Bowen's failure to win the prize for a Latin poem, which public opinion had accorded to him, owing to a critical objection taken by the composition master to the expression "*auratum Oriona*," which Bowen had coined out of the Virgilian line—

"Armatum que auro circumspicit Oriona,"

an abbreviation which his critic denounced as "unclassical and impossible," and which was instrumental in transferring the prize to a candidate of whom no one had ever thought.

"A wave of High Church sentiment was," Professor Ellis says, "at this time passing over Rugby School." Goulburn, who succeeded Dr. Tait, in 1850, had introduced many of the ritualistic innovations, which were then the symbols of Tractarianism. A Roman Catholic Church had recently been raised in a conspicuous spot adjoining the playing-fields; three Rugby boys were believed to have "gone over," and sixth-form enthusiasts began to dream of possible reunion with Rome. Bowen showed but slight sympathy with the prevailing mood; nor was he impressed by the miracles recorded by William of Malmesbury and Bede, whose chronicles had been admitted for study in the Sixth Form in lieu of the ordinary Greek or Latin history. "In 1852," says Professor Ellis, "table-turning became all the rage, and a passion for magnetic experiments invaded Rugby. We turned tables in our studies, and even in our bedrooms, and tried our magnetizing powers on each other. In this Bowen was remarkably successful. His eyes were strong and penetrating, and he succeeded in putting many of the boys on whom he experimented into a state of coma." Happily for the nerves of all parties, the head-master intervened, and put an end to this dangerous form of excitement.

LIFE AT OXFORD.

CHARLES BOWEN went up to Oxford with all the prestige of a Balliol Scholarship, a first-rate school reputation for ability, and—still dearer dignity in schoolboys' eyes—a well-established fame in the athletic world. The boyish traditions, which grow so generously around a successful and popular comrade, heralded his advent. Oxford received him with open arms. At Balliol he was especially welcome. The student set rejoiced in an accession which was certain to confer lustre on the College and the University. Cricketers hailed a valuable reinforcement to their ranks. The devotees of football, which the Rugby game was helping to bring into fashion, had heard of his prowess, and knew that a mighty man had come amongst them. All alike found in the new-comer a delightful acquisition for every gathering, where the charm of companionship could be quickened by high spirits, geniality,

wit that played but never wounded, and fun that knew no touch of coarseness.

There was a prejudice in those days against a somewhat pretentious superiority, which the Rugby system was supposed to engender, and which did not tend to conciliate outsiders. The Rugby monitor was supposed to pride himself on his "moral thoughtfulness;" a scoffing world denounced him as a prig. There were those who thought that they discovered in Charles Bowen, on his first arrival at Oxford, a touch of this Rugbeian temper, lurking under an almost deferential urbanity of manner. If it were so, it speedily disappeared under the wholesome influences of the larger world to which he now belonged. No one was ever less anxious to pose as superior. His aim seemed rather to keep his superiority well out of sight.

Life at the University, to those who enter upon it with Charles Bowen's advantages, is among the halcyon periods of human existence. Its freedom alike from the petty discipline of school and the anxieties of after-life, its absorbing interests, its varied enjoyments, its wide and unexplored fields of intellectual adventure, as the serious aims and pursuits of life break gradually into view; the

opportunities for friendship which present themselves on every hand, and the capacity for hero-worship which such opportunities enkindle; last, and not least, the inspiring genius of the place, its solemn beauty and charm, make up a whole which, to a sensitive and congenial temperament, scarcely falls short of fascination. Charles Bowen entered with avidity upon the new and delightful chapter of his life. It was an exciting atmosphere for so ardent a nature to breathe. The old Conservative tastes and traditions of Oxford and the new spirit of Liberalism were meeting, like two opposing currents, and seething in conflict. Reform was in the air, but there were many to whom Reform implied the shock of all that was dearest and most sacred. The great theological movement, which had stirred the preceding generation, had sunk into comparative quiescence. John Henry Newman no longer entranced an audience at Littlemore. The last of the distinguished Oxford converts had passed the uncertain frontier which separated the domains of the Roman and Anglican Churches. Religious controversy was no longer the topic of the hour, and was tabooed at social gatherings. The affectation of Roman modes of thought and Roman ceremonial had

ceased to be in vogue, and was even liable to a little contemptuous persecution.* The Reform movement of the earlier years of the century, which the High Church reaction for a while superseded, had resumed its course. To the theological movement had succeeded another, with as serious a spirit and an even wider scope. There were leading spirits at Oxford, who saw that the English Universities had fallen from their original ideal, and were missing their true function as national centres of education. They were courageous innovators. They had resolved not only that Oxford should open her gates to the nation at large; but that her teaching and system should be brought into touch with the wants, convictions and difficulties of modern England. She should no longer continue to be the stronghold of obsolete methods, the rallying-point of respectable abuses, the home, as Mr. Bright said, of dead languages and undying

* "I remember," said the late Mr. C. H. Pearson, a distinguished Oxonian of a rather earlier date, "a debating society of young Churchmen, which so irritated the Protestantism or the common sense of a rather sporting college by carrying a resolution that 'St. Augustine's interference with the British Church was uncatholic and uncalled for,' that, at the next meeting, the orators were dispersed by the agency of hot pepper, thrown into the room, and saluted with a baptism little short of total immersion as they left the Quad."

prejudices, but should become a great instrument for moulding the character and guiding the lives of the on-coming generation, and, through it, of the nation at large. Her sons were to be sent out—not mere Churchmen or scholars—but fully equipped for the struggle to which their age would commit them—in intelligent sympathy with their fellow-strugglers, fitted to appreciate and to co-operate with all that was best, truest, and highest in modern life. Among the centres, where the spirit of reform made itself especially felt, was Balliol College. Dr. Jenkyns, the Master, a vigorous and far-sighted administrator—despite some foibles and eccentricities with which his contemporaries were accustomed to make merry—had been laying, deep and strong, the foundations of the future greatness of the College. He was insistent in improving wherever improvement seemed possible, in perfecting the discipline and education of the place, and in collecting, for the purpose, a group of tutors whose zeal and abilities were destined, at no distant date, to carry Balliol to the foremost rank as a seat of learning. Prominent among them was Benjamin Jowett, whose influence on those who came within his reach had been felt, year by year, in an ever-widening circle, though still narrow as compared with that of later times. At

this period he was chiefly known to the outside world as a courageous and original thinker, and as the advocate of views on various theological topics, which were regarded in orthodox circles as dangerous innovations. His *Commentary on Three Pauline Epistles* seemed to the general English reader—whom, in those days, the research and learned speculations of Germany had scarcely reached—to mark the initiative of a revolutionary epoch in Biblical interpretation. Such a man makes his influence felt on friend and foe. The upholders of plenary and literal inspiration—and they were neither few nor uninfluential—were scandalized and alarmed. The echoes of the controversy fluttered the dovecots of many a snug common-room and quiet country parsonage. A few years later, Jowett emphasized his position as a reformer by his participation in a collection of “*Essays and Reviews*,” which speedily became notorious as a quasi-authoritative announcement of a progressive propaganda in matters theological. The frightened champions of orthodoxy are not apt to be too scrupulous in their attacks on a supposed heresiarch. Some of the attacks on Jowett were, to say the best of them, ungenerous, and aroused the sympathetic indignation of his friends. The well-meaning combatants, who

flocked up to Oxford from country parishes to vote against the endowment of Jowett's Chair, forgot that to curtail an author's salary is not an effectual method of refuting him. The attempted persecution of Jowett, at any rate, appealed to all that was generous in the undergraduate mind. Bowen early became, and remained throughout, his warm ally. It was inevitable that the two men should become close friends. Jowett found in Bowen the ideal student of his hopes and vows. Bowen became, year by year, more impressed with the Master's excellence, wisdom and far-reaching kindness. His friendship for Jowett, and the sincere loyalty and devotion with which he regarded him, were, I believe, among the one or two most powerful external influences which moulded Charles Bowen's tastes and sympathies and shaped the course of his life.

Another of the Balliol tutors was Lake, the present Dean of Durham, an accomplished scholar of a different cast of thought from that of Jowett, and exercising a less active personal influence on undergraduates, but, nevertheless, one of the leading spirits of the college. Among the junior tutors were Riddell, a bright, charming, saintly character, well equipped with the refined scholarship for which Shrewsbury School was justly famed; and Edwin

D

Palmer, the late Archdeacon of Oxford, younger brother of the late Lord Selborne—one of a trio of brothers of whose attainments Oxford is justly proud. Henry Smith was lecturer in mathematics, and was loyally devoting his extraordinary powers to the task of education. Bowen at a later date became his pupil, and, at the time of his death, bore testimony in language of fitting beauty to the almost unique combination of moral and intellectual excellences which presented itself in this splendidly endowed nature.*

It was no small privilege, certainly, which the members of Balliol at this period enjoyed. The scholars formed a *corps d'élite*, whose prestige was unquestioned, and whose standard effected the surrounding level of industry and thought. It had, moreover, become the custom to invite such of the unsuccessful candidates as had attracted notice in the Scholarship Examinations, to enter the college as commoners; and Balliol thus gathered to itself the flower of the public schools, and contained a class of men distinctly above the average of undergraduate ability.

* The article in the *Spectator* of February 1, 1883, reprinted as "Recollections by Lord Bowen" among the "Biographical Sketches of Henry J. S. Smith" (Oxford: Clarendon Press), is an excellent specimen of Bowen's style in journalism.

Amongst the Balliol men of Bowen's own standing were Newman, a serious and profound student, the promise of whose early career was, unhappily, clouded by a breakdown of health; Merry, ὀρθῶς ἐπώνυμος, whose lot, at a much later stage, it was, as Public Orator, to commemorate Charles Bowen's death among the losses of the year; Cordery, hovering between literary æstheticism and the sterner studies of the schools, but brilliant in each alike; Blomfield, a son of the Bishop of London, himself in later years a bishop, endowed with an hereditary aptitude for classical niceties, and a dry and caustic wit; Warre, the present Head-master of Eton, in those days much renowned as a sturdy oarsman; E. H. C. Herbert, a young man of rare charm and promise, who entered the diplomatic service, was employed at Athens, and met a tragic fate at the hands of brigands at Marathon.

Among Charles Bowen's more intimate college friends were Arthur Austen Leigh, now Vicar of Wargrave; Alexander Craig Sellar, of whose services in and out of Parliament the Liberal Unionist party has so grateful a recollection; and Bullock-Hall, now the hospitable lord of Six Mile Bottom, who had formed on the Rugby cricket-

ground a friendship with Bowen, which became confirmed at college, and lasted, in undiminished vigour, to the end. W. G. Cole, now Rector of Newbold Verdun, in Leicestershire, was at this time a scholar of Trinity; the separation of colleges, however, had done nothing to impair the warm affection which had grown up between the two at Rugby, and which continued unabated throughout life. Of senior men outside the college, who formed a part of Charles Bowen's surroundings, there were, besides Henry Smith, Sir Alexander Grant, renowned as an expositor of Aristotelian philosophy; T. C. Sandars, an expert in Roman law, who was on several occasions Bowen's tutor, one of the men of whose rare gifts of wit, learning and wisdom the world never knows, but who for many years contributed to enrich the periodical literature of his country; George Brodrick, the genial and accomplished Warden of Merton, who had known Bowen from childhood, and to whose recollections of his friend I have been largely indebted in the preparation of the present sketch. Horace Davey had already established a reputation, which his professional career has not belied, and was displaying in the schools the intellectual prowess which has carried him to the House of Lords. John Conington,

though much of a recluse, was widely known and admired as among the most accomplished Latinists of his day; and Goldwin Smith, master of a style of unsurpassed brilliancy and force, was warring fiercely upon all—friend or foe—who had the misfortune to cross his path and to provoke his somewhat indiscriminate combativeness. Arthur Butler, no unworthy member of a family of scholars, was widely esteemed for culture and geniality; Jex-Blake, unconscious of the awaiting doom of Head Masterships and Deaneries, was dividing his thoughts between academic honours and the triumphs of the hunting-field; George Goschen, leader of distinguished Rugbeians, was hurried away from academic triumphs to no less pronounced eminence in the world of politics and finance; and Charles Pearson, an Oriel Fellow of distinction, whose failing health, a few years later, drove him to Australia, where he rose high in the sphere of education and politics, and gathered, it must be feared, from a somewhat gruesome experience, the materials for the gloomy vaticinations of the future of humanity with which he startled Society a year or two ago. At Wadham Richard Congreve had for years been making his presence felt as a man of courageous thought, strong grasp, and intellectual

acumen. He was an acknowledged authority on historical subjects, and had gathered around him a small but distinguished circle of admirers, who became in later years the interpreters to their country of the doctrines of Comte, and the protagonists of Positivism.

An atmosphere charged with intellectual and spiritual forces so powerful and so conflicting, was not likely to remain long undisturbed. The new ideas craved expression. The series of "Oxford Essays," edited by T. C. Sandars, made its first appearance in 1854, and struck a new note of literary activity. Henry Smith, in his essay on the plurality of worlds, boldly challenged the great authority of Whewell, and gave the world a foretaste of his extraordinary gifts. A few years later the plan of the "Oxford Essays" was abandoned; but in "Essays and Reviews" a more systematic attempt was made to liberalize English theology, to enlarge the limits of the freedom which clergymen of the English Church might lawfully enjoy, and, especially, to place Biblical criticism and the whole theory of Biblical interpretation on a sounder and more intelligent basis. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*—himself a redoubtable champion of any cause in which religious freedom was

concerned—has given a graphic account of the fierce controversy which ensued, and the sort of panic which spread through the ranks of the more conservative order of Churchmen. It gradually became apparent that much which the authors of "Essays and Reviews" alleged—however startling to the uninformed—had long been familiar to erudite theologians, and had even been avowed by them, though in language less aggressively crude. Some needlessly offensive phrases demanded apology; but when these had been condoned, the result was found not to transcend the liberty of judgment accorded by the Church of England to her ministers.

While these high combats shook the upper air, the tide of practical reform was flowing in lower regions with a force and rapidity which struck timorous obstructives with consternation. One by one, in rapid succession, the traditional safeguards began to totter, to crumble, to disappear. A Royal Commission threw wide the gates of the University to all who wished to enter, irrespective of creed. The obligation of celibacy, which had given to the tutorial body something of a conventual character, was treated as an obsolete survival of monasticism. The monopolizing supremacy of classics and philosophy as topics of education was successfully

disputed. Logic and the refinements of the Schoolmen began to wear a pedantic and mediæval air. Physical science, in all the audacity and self-confidence of youth, boldly asserted her claims, and the Aristophanic sarcasm, *Δῖνος βασιλεύει τὸν Δι' ἐξεληλακώς*, seemed in course of realization. There was, naturally, much alarm, and something of the indiscriminating antagonism which alarm engenders. Fierce assaults were delivered at any point which seemed assailable. Stanley and Jowett stood out as obvious objects of attack. "Jowett-baiting," writes Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, "was, indeed, the favourite amusement of the united forces of Anglo-Catholic, High and Dry Anglican, and Evangelical Parsondom. I remember that, on one occasion, I think in 1864, we were all summoned to go down to vote in Convocation about some changes in the curriculum. Shortly afterwards we were again summoned, as a grand Jowett-bait was impending in the same august assembly. Some one in the train, on the way to Oxford, said, 'I really think that we may win to-day about Jowett's salary. The country clergy came up in such numbers to vote about that educational question, that they will hardly go to the trouble and expense of coming again.' 'Won't they?' said Bowen; 'they will

think that education is a bad thing, but that justice is a worse, and they will come in hundreds,' which was precisely what they did."

This story, though belonging to a somewhat later stage of Charles Bowen's career, well illustrates the influences which were acting on him from the outset of his University life. He found around him, on all hands, men bent on improvement, eager to remove inequalities and disabilities, anxious to throw open to the nation at large the advantages which had hitherto been the monopoly of a privileged class. In another sphere he saw new aspects of theological opinion presented with all the force of research, ability and insight, and confronted by an opposition which—if it may be said without disrespect—was not always intelligent, generous, or well informed. Opinion has marched so fast the last forty years, that it is not easy to realize the position from the standpoint of the oncoming generation of that day, and the alternatives which presented themselves for acceptance. I remember, for instance, hearing a distinguished member of his party, preaching to the University in St. Mary's Church, advance with vehemence the proposition that the Christian religion, indeed all religious belief, would be fatally undermined if the authority or authenticity of a

single word, "a jot or tittle," of the accepted canon were allowed to be called in question. Another leader, justly eminent as orator and scholar, devoted his fine powers to explaining to the undergraduate conscience the grounds on which the Athanasian Creed must be regarded as an essential part of the Christian's panoply, and an unfailing source of peace and joy to the reflective mind. On another occasion a much-esteemed prelate enforced the wavering orthodoxy of his audience by the stern truth that errors of opinion were, if sin was to be weighed against sin, sins of a deeper dye and involving graver consequences to the sinner than mere peccadilloes against morality.

Compare views such as these with Professor Jowett's erudite and deeply considered essays on Biblical authority, and on the true purport of "Inspiration," or with the generous appreciation of excellence and nobility which breathes through every line that Stanley wrote, and can it be a matter of surprise that undergraduates of Charles Bowen's temperament should have espoused with enthusiasm the cause, as it seemed to them, of justice, truth, and common sense? Charles Bowen became and remained for life a reformer; remained, too, the affectionate disciple and friend of the man who

bore the main brunt of the encounter, and enjoyed the chief honours of the persecution—Benjamin Jowett.

Bowen's list of academical successes was a long one. In 1855 he succeeded, at his first trial, in winning the "Hertford," the blue ribbon of Latin scholarship at Oxford. Two years later he won the "Ireland," the other great classical distinction of the University.

His letter to his friend Cole, in reply to a letter of congratulation on this achievement, will be appreciated by Balliol men, who remember the College jokes to which it refers.

"DEAR COLE,

"Many thanks for your very acceptable letter of congratulation, which made good fortune itself more agreeable. It is these little tokens of epistolary intercourse which set the seal of heaven upon the sea of life. I was, of course, much pleased to hear of the result of the examination, which I did as I was a-playing rackets with M. Pattison, in the identical court where I was fortunate enough to hear of the Hertford. It was after a brilliant and extraordinary manœuvre of that learned individual, resembling in all important particulars a series of charges of the heaviest cavalry, that Palmer appeared at the door with gladness in his gaze. The following conversation of the most exciting and intense nature then ensued, strictly

resembling that which used actually to occur at the most important crises of Greek life.

Palmer. ἄνδρες φίλοι τὸ πρῶτον ἀγγεῖλαι θέλω—

Bowen. τέθηκεν — ; τοῦτο βούλομαι μαθεῖν.

Palmer. οὐκ· ἀλλὰ σάκκους αἰὲν ἀρχαίους * νεμει·

Bowen. μῶν λευκὸς ἐξόλωλεν αἴλουρος χρόνῳ ;

Palmer. ἀλλαντοπῶλαι ζῶντα προσβλέπουσί νιν·

Bowen. τί δ' οὖν, σαφές μοι μήκος ἐκτεῖνον λόγον.

Palmer. θέλεις ἀκούειν πάνθ' ἃ μ' ἐξειρημένα·

Bowen. τί μὴ θέλουσι θᾶτερον προβάλλεται.

Palmer. ἕως ἂν ἐκμάθῃς ποτ' ἤσυχως ἔχῃν.

“Here followed two or three pages of beautiful and polished Greek dialogue, at the end of which Palmer observed—

‘Εἰβερνίαν σύνισθι σοι κεκτημένῳ.’

“Chorus of animated M. Pattisons, in slightly inferior Greek to that which formed the medium of communication between the celebrated individuals above.

Ἰοῦ, ἰοῦ, ἰοῦ μάλα δὴ·
 πῶς σε προσείπω; τί δέ σοι λέξω;
 ὣς εὐδαίμων, σοι συγχαίρω·
 ἰοῦ, ἰοῦ ἀγορεύω, κ.τ.λ.

“I should at once, ‘belovyed partnier of my yeuthfule jeoys and seorrows,’ have written to you, but had no time, and made sure you would see it in the papers. However, I never looked for a note from you in return. I hope you will be at the O. R. match.

“Ever yours affectionately,

“C. BOWEN.

* Ancient bags, *i.e.* trousers.

"P.S.—Are you coming to the Lakes? If you don't, I shall simply stay at Oxford all the Long, with my scout and the porter's boy."

In the same year Bowen was the successful competitor for the Chancellor's Prize for Latin verse. The poem, for the composition of which Bowen had with characteristic diligence equipped himself by specially reading through six books of the "*Æneid*," was pronounced by competent judges to rank among the most brilliant of its class. It achieved, at any rate, the honour of being attentively listened to and much appreciated by the undergraduate portion of the audience in the Sheldonian Theatre. Its subject was "*Sebastopolis*." The episodes of the Crimean War were still fresh in the minds of all. Its grave anxieties, its mishaps, its sorrows, still ached in the national recollection. Its successes had flushed the country with a martial joy unknown since the days of Waterloo. Bowen instinctively made the most of an interesting theme. No one who was present will have forgotten the frequent bursts of applause which interrupted the recital. Among the passages thus honoured was a spirited description of the battle of Inkerman.

"O patria, O fluctu procul Anglia tuta marino,
Ter crebro numerosa phalanx pede, certa triumphi,
Irruerat : ter succurrit tua dulcis imago,
Firmavitque tuos, victum et vi reppulit hostem."

Great, too, was the enthusiasm aroused by the allusion to Miss Nightingale and her beneficent labours in the hospitals of Scutari.

*“Quale melos, vergente die, languentibus olim
Pectoribus venit atque oculos componit inertes,
Talis, ubi siccos ardens sitis hauserat artus,
Adfuit, en, voluitque viris succurrere virgo.
Ut placidum tulit alma pedem, fugere tenebræ,
Fugit ibi dolor omnis, et irritus avolat angor.
Illa refert somnos et temperat arida labra,
Aut iter extremum, submotâ nocte, serenat,
Atque mori docet, exceptatque novissima verba.”*

Among the circles where Bowen was most welcome was a small literary club, which had been founded in 1852, with the object of bringing together congenial spirits and promoting more serious and interesting talk than was easy in the ordinary intercourse of Oxford life. The original members were three Rugbeians, G. J. Goschen, C. Pearson, and A. G. Butler; three Etonians, C. S. Parker, W. H. Fremantle, and G. Brodrick; and one Harrovian, H. N. Oxenham. We met after Hall at each other's rooms, enjoyed the temperate festivities of an Oxford Common Room, listened to each other's essays with patience, and discussed them with animation. Though the club's life was longer than the Fates usually accord in

such cases, it never found a name to its liking. It rejected with scorn the depreciatory *sobriquet* of "Mutual Improvement Society," which its enemies suggested; it hesitated before the Bacchic significance of "Sublime Port," proposed, I think, by Mr. G. Goschen, as inadequate and misleading. Name or no name, it fostered a pleasant freemasonry among its members, and was the pretext for many agreeable gatherings. Bowen in the best possible spirits, interested in everything and longing to discuss it, ingenious, subtle, ironical, vivacious, and quick as lightning in retort, was an invaluable ingredient for such symposia, and was seen there in his happiest vein. His fun would sometimes recall us from a sphere too tremendously metaphysical for mortal intellect. But no one soared into those empyrean heights on bolder wing, or bent a keener gaze on each new range of thought as it opened before us.

In a set of Alcaics, sent to Cole in 1857, Bowen laments with mock pathos a symposium of the Essay Society at his rooms, which interfered with a projected visit to his friend. The phrase, "*Mutui Sapientes*," refers, of course, to the mutual improvement which the enemies of the Society declared to be its proper function.

" O Cole, Coli progenies patris !
O melle multo suavior, et tamen
Ventis magis velox acerbis,
Sollicitos cruciare amicos !

" Diu dolentem spes recreaverat,
Favoris aurâ jam viduum tui,
Dum fata cras spero benigna,
Care, tuas aditurus ædes.

" Eheu ! caducæ spes hominum nimis,
Et spreta ventis vota furentibus !
Quam sæpe crudelis voluntas
Dissociat pia corda Divûm.

" Cras est bibendum cum Sapientibus
Et danda Bacchi munera Mutuis,
Cras quicquid Intellectuale est
Conveniet mea tecta noctu.

" Ænigma vitæ cras meditantibus
Solvetur : et, cum Tempore, Veritas
Vanescet Objectiva tandem
Et Spatii ratio fugacis.

" Ignosce amico, tu tamen, Ah, tuo,
Fesso perenni jam sapientiâ—
Quæ poena tam crudelis ulla est,
Quanta tuo caruisse visu ?"

Bowen used occasionally to speak at the Union Debating Society, where he made his maiden speech, Oct. 29, 1855, in a debate on the policy of the continuance of the Crimean War. He served on the Standing Committee of the Society from 1855 to 1857. In that year he became its Treasurer, and in

1858 was its President. I do not remember, however, that he ever took it quite seriously enough to become a distinguished debater. The Warden of Merton recalls an occasion on which, not altogether to the taste of his hearers, he inveighed indignantly against the courtesies interchanged between Queen Victoria and Napoleon III. during the Anglo-French Alliance.

In another debate, 20th October, 1856, Bowen moved that "any system of national education must, to be acceptable to the country, be secular and unsectarian." The discussion lasted for three evenings. Mr. J. H. Green, then an undergraduate of Balliol, spoke in opposition to the motion; so did Eliot, of Trinity. The late Dean Oakley was President at the time.

"Among those who were contemporaries of the late Lord Justice at Oxford, and also took part in the Debates," writes Mr. H. A. Morrah, a recent President, and, I believe, future historian of the Society, "were John Oakley, of Brasenose, afterwards Dean of Manchester; King Smith of the same college, a man held in some esteem as a speaker; Mitchinson, of Pembroke, now Assistant-Bishop of Peterborough; Eliot, of Trinity, now Dean of Windsor, who supplied the earnest and

E

solemn element. But it was A. V. Dicey, of Balliol, who shared with Bowen the honour of debate in the opinion of the critical. Dicey, however, was hard to hear and difficult to follow, and his methods were different in the extreme from the lucid and mellifluous flow of Bowen's argument."

Bowen presided over some other distinguished debaters. Mr. John Morley, the Society's records show, on one occasion moved that "the political, social, and literary influence of Mr. Carlyle has been most important and beneficial," and in another debate was bold enough to brave the *genius loci* by a resolution commending the execution of King Charles I. Only two members of the Society could be induced to support the sacrilegious resolution. Mr. J. H. Green of Balliol, Mr. Algernon Swinburne, the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, Mr. Magrath, now Provost of Queen's and Vice-Chancellor of the University, took part in debates under Bowen's presidency, and must, one would imagine, have produced some lively collisions of intellect. Some years later, in October, 1873, Charles Bowen attended the Jubilee Banquet of the Society, at which a hundred ex-Presidents of the Society are said to have been present, and Lord Selborne,

Lord Coleridge, Cardinal Manning, and other distinguished Unionists recalled in various mood the memories of their undergraduate days. Lord Coleridge's speech, I remember, impressed me as one of the most graceful, Manning's as one of the saddest, I had ever heard.

Bowen, it appears, formed one of several Rugby Presidents, whose unbroken succession to this dignified post excited the jealousy of the other great schools. "His portrait hangs in the fine new hall—built some thirty years after he left Oxford—among those of many predecessors and successors honoured in Church and State."

In the year 1857 an unexpected honour fell to Bowen's lot. "You will be glad to hear," he writes to his mother, "that I have been in, on the sly, for our Fellowship examination without telling you, and am elected Fellow of Balliol. Fancy my being a Fellow! Ellis, an old Rugby friend of mine, was my antagonist. I found that I had a legal right to stand, having been elected Scholar before the new Act passed." The same distinction had been conferred on Jowett, while still an undergraduate, in 1838.

In the Class List of Easter Term, 1858, Charles Bowen's name appeared in the First Class, some

of his compeers being A. Dicey, now Vinerian Professor of English Law, and a justly valued champion of the Unionist party; John Percival, now Bishop of Hereford; T. E. Holland, Chichele Professor of International Law; and E. Wodehouse, the much-esteemed member for Bath. The examination had not been without its anxieties. At the outset Bowen had the misfortune to disable his right hand by a fall from his horse, and it was feared that his inability to write would interfere seriously with his paper work in the schools. The difficulty was got over by permission being accorded to Mr. A. Austen Leigh to write Bowen's answers at his dictation, a friendly office which was not, apparently, without its attendant difficulties. "He and I and one examiner," writes Mr. A. Austen Leigh, "sat in a School by ourselves—the School generally used for *viva voce* examinations—and for hour after hour I wrote till my hand ached. It was uphill work for him, who wrote as quickly as he thought, and was not accustomed to dictate his thoughts; and what made it worse for him, was the terrible hash which I made of his many quotations from Greek and Latin authors. Again and again he had to stop and repeat them until I understood them, and sometimes he would dash

a finger or a pencil across one which I could not make come right. In spite of much provocation, he never lost his temper. Writing out his answers was certainly a revelation to me, and it showed me, at any rate, what should be aimed at when my own time should come."

"Bowen was already a scholar of Balliol," writes Austen Leigh, "when I went up in 1855, and it was not till the next year that my friendship with him dates. My steering the 'Torpido' boat, in which he rowed, and playing in the eleven with him, brought us together, and during 1857, 1858, and 1859 we were close friends. He was a many-sided man, and his striking abilities and his interest in purely intellectual matters did not prevent him caring for and loving one who was more to the front in games than in the Schools.

"Perhaps Alexander Sellar was the connecting-link. He and Bowen were as brothers, or closer than brothers; and Sellar and I were friends. To hear Bowen and Sellar together in those days was a treat never to be forgotten. Sellar, humorous, hard-headed, good-tempered, but sometimes a little crusty, and with thoughts full of brightness, but, perhaps, now and then moving somewhat clumsily; and Bowen, quick, bright, playful, darting round

him and striking in, as it were, sharp pins of chaff and fun, till he made him roar, half in anger and half in enjoyment; delighted if he could trip him up or make him flounder in rejoinder, and yet never carrying a joke too far, or provoking loss of temper. That was a distinguishing trait of Bowen's character—his unfailing kindness and consideration. He never lost his own temper, and was never the cause of others losing theirs."

Bowen's series of academic successes was concluded in 1859 by the Arnold Historical Prize. The competition for this honour is open to a later stage of University life than is permitted in the generality of cases, and the essays are, as a rule, no longer the "declamations" of schoolboys, but the riper reflections of scholars who have completed the University curriculum, and have been able to approach their subject with some degree of leisure and research. Charles Bowen's prize essay on "Delphi, considered locally, morally, and politically," was no exception to the rule. It attracted much attention by beauty of language, wide and varied learning, poetic feeling, and keen historical instinct. It showed how great a space the famous shrine occupied in contemporary society—how it was "to the Hellenic world what Rome was to the Middle

Ages—the heart of its religion, the source of its culture, the nucleus of its politics. There the influence was enshrined which educated Greek thought, moulded Greek manners, and animated Greek art. The introduction of the faith of the Pythian Apollo was an epoch, a revolution. With that faith Greece grew; and, it may be, the same causes which led to its decline paved the way also for the fall of Greece.”

The origin of the shrine is next delineated, the civilizing stream of Dorian migration forcing its way southwards across the plain of Thessaly, carrying with it the worship of the bright god Apollo, and coming into fierce conflict with a primitive religion, whose ascendancy it threatened. It was at Delphi that the battle was hottest and most protracted; the legendary lore of Greece is coloured with the traces of the fight. As the mists of legend melt into the daylight of history, we find Delphi no little city, struggling for existence, but “the Mecca, the Jerusalem of a great kingdom, the Holy City where the tribes go up to worship.” We have next a picturesque description of the *locale* of the sanctuary, standing on the highest of a series of terraces in an amphitheatre between the ridges of the Parnassus range as they slope seawards. Here a Dorian

priestly aristocracy established itself, armed with despotic powers of life and death, levying a splendid revenue from the tenants of the Temple, and, like the wealthy monasteries of a later age, provoking an occasional scandal by their luxury and the tribe of idle mendicants whom their promiscuous bounty attracted. We are carried through each stage of the world-famed oracle, till it reaches its culminating point as the most powerful moral influence of the age. Then comes the period of decay. The world had outgrown the stage at which prophecy is necessary for the conveyance of religious dogma and consolation. Its place was being filled by philosophy. Solon and Lycurgus had sat at the feet of Apollo; but the modern statesman looked to his own good sense for guidance. Suspicions of the purity of the oracle began to be generally entertained. The splendid donation of Cræsus was fatal to the Pythia's reputation. The oracle became less and less of a moral force, more and more a political expedient. When the great trial with Persia arrived, the oracle spoke only to discourage patriotic resistance; and it was the glory of the Athenians that they "regarded not the tempting prophecies which emanated from Delphi, but, swearing to be free, repulsed the barbarian." Other

causes of degradation were at work. A class of professional soothsayers brought the art of divination into popular disrepute, and Aristophanes held up the wandering mendicant to the laughter of the Athenians. The temples began to be deserted. There was a general conviction that Delphi sold its favours to the highest bidder.

When the next great crisis arrived, it was found that the Macedonian upstart had secured the goodwill of the oracle. A whisper of indignation breathed the conviction that the Python had been "be-Philipped." Philip, having used the oracle for his own purposes, showed it the same scanty reverence that Napoleon showed the Pope, and the darkness gathered thicker upon the expiring shrine. The Pythia's utterances grew rare. After the Roman conquest she became, on all national topics, mute. Successive invaders pillaged her treasury. When Nero ransacked it, it had undergone the same fate eleven times before. Fitfully, from time to time, its voice is heard amid the din of flatterers and soothsayers. It spoke after honour bade it cease. "The last blow fell when the sacred tripod was taken to adorn the hippodrome of the new metropolis of the East. From that time forth the oracle was dumb."

Studious as Charles Bowen could be, he had no touch of the book-worm. No man was ever more alive to the pleasures which are to be enjoyed outside of schools and libraries. His prowess in athletics, his robust frame, his correct eye, his firm hand, made games a delight. The light-heartedness of youth, health and success broke out in healthy good-fellowship. At his college there still live traditions of whist-parties, whose long-drawn-out sweetness stretched far into the night, and rendered the conventional attendance at chapel next morning an achievement of difficulty; and of an unsuccessful attempt on the part of some joyful spirits to secure the desired result by sitting up all night. Virtuous attempt, defeated, alas! in Charles Bowen's case by the infirmity of Nature, which betrayed him into a nap at the very moment when it was necessary to put in an appearance. "You have not done very well"—so ran Jowett's reproachful farewell at the conclusion of Bowen's first term—"we expected better of you."

The earlier portion of Bowen's Oxford life was largely devoted to enjoyment. But as time went on, and the final struggle of University life loomed in the near horizon, he began to labour more and more assiduously to equip himself for the great

ordeal. In no one, assuredly, was the definition of genius as "the faculty of taking pains," more strikingly exemplified. At school, at college, and, afterwards, in professional life, the pains which Bowen took about everything to which he set his hand were infinite. Some of his note-books, still extant, are miracles of diligence and exactness. The veriest drudge that ever plodded a laborious path to mediocrity could not have recorded his knowledge in more considered form, or systematized it with more elaborate precision. Page after page of minute and exquisite handwriting attest the thoroughness of his mastery of every subject which he came across, and the splendid equipment which carried him to victory in so many intellectual encounters. No toil was spared in arranging, co-ordinating, and setting forth everything that had to be learnt and remembered, in its concisest and most lucid form. A well-worn set of cards, covered with an analysis of "leading cases," while he was a law-student in London, remains as evidence of the indefatigable diligence with which his mind, working at a rate which filled his companions with wonder, could yet stop to make sure of each new step, and to lay the foundation of that varied and extensive knowledge of Law which the Master of the Rolls,

in the panegyric pronounced after Lord Bowen's death, described as so remarkable. His note-books at college appear to have been kept on a similar system, and with the same indefatigable exactness.

A letter written by Charles Bowen, in January of this year (1857), to his friend A. Austen Leigh, gives an amusing account of his life at Oxford during the Vacation, when he was staying up to read with Mark Pattison, and of the impressions made upon him by Jowett at an early stage of their acquaintance.

"I have been staying up here diligently reading the Ethics. Of course I went down for Christmas Day, and returned the day after, finding nobody left in college but J. King, the white cat, and the coal-heaver, all, I am happy to say, in tolerable health and spirits. I am coaching with M. Pattison, and also play rackets with him. In the one pursuit he throws cold water on my genius, and in the other he makes blue marks all over my body with a racket-ball ; so that, between the two, I shall not be sorry when our connection terminates. New Year's Eve was rather slow. However, J. King and myself, with Lightfoot, who had by that time arrived, kept it in the most solemn way with oysters in my room. As the New Year rang in from the peal of bells in the old clock-tower opposite you may easily imagine the thoughts which came crowding to the brain of each. I contented myself with wishing you a happy New Year and all the good fortune attending

thereupon. J. King saw rise in a long line before him all the ghosts of the Joe Miller jokes which he had made during the last twelve months; and Lightfoot silently composed the three verses of an appropriate hymn, which he was with great difficulty prevented from reciting on the spot.

"On the 6th, the Master found it necessary to retire for change of air to the country, and insisted on our leaving the college while he was away. Jowett, who was staying at Cowley in a little farmhouse, asked me to go and stay with him. It was dreadfully cold and dreadfully windy, and only two very back bedrooms, and one sitting-room, with a miserable fireplace. One might hear the wintry wind howling in the turrets and the pine-tops, had there been either turrets or pine trees within several miles, which, unfortunately, there were not. It was, however, very instructive to see the great Professor of Greek inventing more than Arian errors on the other side of the table. Having been able to discover, by a close contact with that remarkable individual, the chief *sine quâ nons* for a heretic, you may expect to see me coming out strong in that line. One is to hum very melancholy airs during breakfast; another is always to fill up the teapot before you have put in any tea; thirdly, to have no watch, and to lie asleep till twelve o'clock.

"I think with application I shall be able to master all these requisites except the last, which my regular habits completely prevent me from accomplishing. I go in every day to my coach. . . . The roads about Oxford are becoming dreadfully insecure. Garrotting is setting in with a virulence only equalled by the inclemency of the

weather. Accordingly, as no one, in such a state of things, is safe, should you in the next three or four days see in any of the daily papers a paragraph headed 'Extraordinary Heroism!' I should advise you to read it. Besides reading the Ethics, I have been writing for the Latin verse ; a poem which, though I say it who should not say it, is perhaps *the very finest* which, etc., etc."

No part of University life is more delightful than the reading-parties with which undergraduates, who are going in for honours, or otherwise bent on study, are accustomed to occupy a portion of the Long Vacation. Congenial companions, a common object, common tastes, freedom from every sort of restraint or disturbance, delightful rambles on some neighbouring moor or mountain-side—all tend to make the weeks flow gaily by. Nowhere does greater intimacy prevail, or intimacy ripen more quickly into friendship. Several of Charles Bowen's summers were thus employed. In 1858 he spent some weeks in Borrowdale with his friends Craig Sellar and Austen Leigh, "coaching" them for their final examination—a labour of love, which, his pupils gratefully remembered, was performed with all the painstaking assiduity which had characterized the preparation for his own degree. Another autumn Mr. Bullock Hall, C. Bowen, and I spent at Goslar, in the Hartz Mountains, and afterwards

at Heidelberg ; another, Craig Sellar was with us at Portinscale, on the shores of Derwentwater ; another at Aberfeldy ; another in South Wales, at Bethgellert. On these occasions, unless I am deceived by the mirage which hangs over the scenery of forty years ago, Charles Bowen was seen in his most charming aspect. His gaiety of spirit broke out in every sort of fun ; his sweetness of disposition threw a charm over the common details of daily existence. His brightness made it impossible to be dull. None of us, indeed, thought of dulness. Life lay open before us, fair with gracious promises. With boyish enthusiasm we read, we talked, we argued, we let speculation take a daring flight. Sometimes Newman, putting a finishing touch to the intellectual panoply with which he was presently to face the examiners, would recall us to a serious mood, and sober our too exuberant mirth with an historical disquisition. Sometimes Craig Sellar would give a foretaste of the metaphysical prowess which was to secure him a First Class in the schools ; or Cordery, graceful and accomplished student, conspicuous amongst the first-fruits of the then recently opened competitive system for the Indian Civil Service, would exhibit the fine scholarship which subsequently graced his translation of

the "Iliad." Those of us who remember those days may be forgiven for investing our recollection with some of the romance which belongs to the days of long ago. We seemed to be wandering through

"Lands where not a leaf was dumb ;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan.

"When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught ;
And thought leapt out to wed with thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with speech.

"And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring ;
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood.

"And many an old philosophy
On Argive hills divinely sang ;
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady."

So sounds the far-off music of that pleasant retrospect, with some enchantment, perhaps, lent by distance, but still recalling a delightful time.

One of Charles Bowen's brother scholars—W. W. Merry, gayest and most mercurial of the sons of learning, whom forty years have sobered into a Public Orator and the Rector of a College—sends me a memento of their college days, and the learned pastimes with which the Balliol scholars of that day beguiled their leisure. "It was," he writes, "a joint

attempt to translate Charles Kingsley's 'Sands of Dee' into something which should resemble a Virgilian eclogue. Bowen and I spent a fireside evening over it, when we were lodging at Mason's; and we were not highly critical. I think that the result pleased us."

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"I, revoca pastas, revoca, Galatea, iuencas :

I, Galatea, modo et, nox ingruit, ipsa redito.'

Surgebat madidis humescens flatibus Auster,

Auster, triste sonans et multa spumeus unda.

Sola per incertas virgo incedeabat arenas. ..

"I, revoca pastas, revoca, Galatea, iuencas.

Interea lento repens allabitur æstu

Pontus, et occiduo pronus se littore fundit,

Includitque tegens late, atque intercipit unda.

Deinde vapor glomerat cæcoque volumine nubes,

Prospectum eripiens oculis : nec rursus ademptam

Cara domus notique lares videre puellam.

"I, revoca pastas, revoca, Galatea, iuencas.

Nescio quid raris in summo marmore Devæ

Retibus interlucet, hiemps quod forte revulsum

Summisit pelago, et palis infixit acutis

Mobile ; seu foret alga puellaresve capilli,

Nam neque tam pulcher nec tam spectabilis auro,

Deva, tuis unquam salmo se sustulit undis.

"I, revoca pastas, revoca, Galatea, iuencas.

Illa quidem exigua nabat iam frigida cymba,

Triste onus, at multo sulcati remige fluctus

Ingluvie circum horrebant fremituque minaci.

F

Advexere pii tandem ad sua littora nautæ,
Littoreoque locant iuvenilia membra sepulcro.
Atque aliquis pastas etiamnum forte iuvenas
Audierit revocantem, et remo acclinis inanes
Excipit ad Devæ fatalia littora voces."

Charles Bowen's taste for classical versification remained undiminished to the end of his life. The art is no longer, I believe, held in the high esteem which it enjoyed in the days when it was regarded as the crowning accomplishment of good scholarship. But Bowen found amusement and interest in it, and would often while away a leisure afternoon with his brother Edward, or some other congenial companion, in playing with the subtleties of a difficult translation. "About a year before his death," says Mr. E. Bowen, "he showed me, at the Athenæum, a translation of 'Crossing the Bar,' made that afternoon in Court, during the course of a long and useless argument."

CROSSING THE BAR.

(TENNYSON.)

"Vesper adest, tandem nitet Hesperus ; in mare magnum
Vox me cœlicolum, clarior ære, ciet.
Nulla tamen circa portum fremat unda reluctans,
Funibus ut scissis in vada cæca feror.
Agmine me pleno fluctus trahat, absit amico
Spuma salo, tacitas unda serenet aquas,
Dum pars immensi fueram qui marmoris olim
Æquoreas repeto, quæ genuere, domos.

"Certa monent me signa, vocat lux ultima navim ;
 Imminet in vasto nox obeunda mari.
 Digressu at nostro lacrimas compescite, amici ;
 Non ego defendas cogor inire vias.
 Namque licet rerum metas ac tempora linquens
 Vel procul hinc, fluctu me retrahente, vehar,
 Præsentem inveniam, portuque egressus habebo
 Recturum cursus par freta vasta Deum."

Almost the last thing that Charles Bowen wrote,
 certainly the last he quoted, was a translation of
 W. Savage Landor's well-known lines.

"I STROVE WITH NONE."

(W. S. LANDOR.)

"I strove with none, for none was worthy strife ;
 Nature I loved, and, after nature, Art.
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life :
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

(C. S. C. B.)

"Non contra indignos ingloria bella petebam ;
 Semper erant silvæ musaque noster amor.
 Hospes ut igne foci, vitâ sic largiter usus,
 Discedo, flammâ depereunte, libens."

A translation of a Tennysonian refrain is dated
 1893.

"Mourning your losses, O Earth,
 Heart-weary and overdone ?
 But all's well that ends well ;
 Whirl and follow the sun."

"Quid gemis elapsos inconsolabilis annos
 Assiduo, Tellus, fessa labore nimis ?
 Fit bene, supremam bene quod finitur ad horam ;
 Perfice volvendas, sole trahente, vices."

A letter which Charles Bowen wrote to Arthur Austen Leigh in 1857, from Goslar, gives a pleasant idea of his way of life and mood at this time. It is full of affectionate nicknames. His friend Bullock Hall is abbreviated into "Bull." Austen Leigh himself is "Dear Amyas."

"Herr Battenstadt, Goslar.

"Am Hartz, Hanover.

"DEAR AMYAS,

"Were it not for the intense heat of the weather, and the swarms of confounded flies that compel one to expend all one's extra indignation upon them, I should treat in the severest possible way your suggestion that I have been too lazy to write. The author of the present—to borrow for one brief moment the dignified style of some of our *best* letter-writers—has been up this morning at five o'clock, partly, I will confess it, owing to the aforesaid flies, partly from a strong sense of duty, which summoned him to Herodotus. From five to eight he read, took a crust of bread from eight to nine, and then till past two o'clock again employed himself in the study of history and of literature. All the shooting he does is with Dowe's Greek canon; all the riding or driving with his Aristotle cab. After this eloquent defence of one so deserving, I will now relate to you what has happened since I wrote to console you under your affliction. On arriving, with my usual punctuality, at the steamer at least one hour and a half before the time, I found no Bull on board, and left, surrounded by a multitude of Germans

and of Jews, in the best of possible spirits, and, I feel bound to add, all in the dirtiest possible shirts. A marine debility which often attends sea-voyages, coupled with the extreme simplicity of my foreign vocabulary, prevented me from either converting the Jews or conversing with the Germans. Add to this that I was unable to get a berth, and that at the last crisis I had left behind my railway-wrapper—a new one—and my overcoat, and that it rained pretty heavily for twenty-four hours, and you will have a picture of my sufferings.

“Before arriving at Hamburg, our captain thought it advisable to run us ashore in the Elbe. However, at last we reached land safely, and I explored the town under the safe conduct of an English clergyman, whose acquaintance I had made upon the voyage. Late in the evening of the day after, I found myself in Goslar, where for five days I amused myself as best I could in the society of the natives, with whom my chief connecting-link was that we both spoke languages that were branches of the great Aryan family. On the first morning, to my horror, I discovered that I had managed to come in for the very beginning of a festival which lasts eight days, called the ‘Free-shooters’—so named because they stand in a plain and fire at a target in the distance, with perfect indifference as to who happens to be walking in the road between. In the evening the whole population turn out to dance; and as my bedroom was not very far off, I had quite sufficient. You will naturally expect me to sketch in broad outline the chief characteristics of the country and the natives. The first thing, my dear Amyas, is that they are all so like each other it is quite impossible to distinguish between any of

them ; the second that, obviously from motives of economy, their toilette is unaccompanied with any process like washing ; the third is, that they all shake hands with you whether you know them or not, and ask whether you remember their name. The effort of memory requisite for the latter feat is rendered less needful by the fact that, if you did recollect it, it would be utterly impossible to pronounce it. Bull, having been here last year, is on terms of affection and intimacy with the whole town, from the peer to the peasant. The clergyman of the town, having been informed by him that I was at Oxford, the next time we met, took the opportunity of addressing me as Lieber Herr Doctor, evidently completely taken in by my grave and reverential demeanour during the German service, and the intelligent way in which I joined in the hymn. There is a German young fellow who has just come here from some Hussar regiment for his health, who talks English in the most beautiful way, and who, I am dreadfully afraid, is going to pay us a visit at Oxford in the autumn, unless he should be, providentially, shot in a duel which he has to fight first. Bull and I are perfectly convinced he means to challenge us, in which case I shall decline on the plea that I am brought up for the Church. I need not say the very affable manners of the Bull quite preclude the possibility of his being called out.

“There is a celebrated quack-doctor here who is patronized by the King of Hanover. Crowds of people flock here from Germany to him, and submit to a six weeks’ regimen for the benefit of their health. When introduced to him, you are met by the startling question whether you are quite sure you have not got water on

the chest, or a tendency towards apoplexy ; and if you deny it, he immediately replies that being ignorant of your disease is the very worst symptom of the whole.

“Once a week we go a long expedition into the country, which is really very beautiful. The other days we go into the woods near, play at billiards, drink coffee at the different places of resort, and in the evening go up a neighbouring mountain called the Catten-berg, to see the sun set, as a slight concession to the sentimental disposition of Bullock. The little dogs here are *much* nicer, and much *better-behaved* and SUBMISSIVE, than the little dogs in England. We have not yet been to the Brocken to see the spectre—we are waiting for Cunningham ; besides, Bullock is so intensely poetical that I am quite afraid to be with him in the dark. Every morning at half-past five a long train of cows and goats wind past our house, on their way up the mountains, and at about the same hour in the evening return, all with bells round their necks, making a noise which can be heard for miles. Three times a week we have a *gewitter*—that is, about four or five hours of thunder and lightning, accompanied with rain—after which the sky clears, and you are roasted alive till the next *gewitter*.

“My brother, with a thoughtfulness seldom seen in the younger brothers of great families, carefully selects, about once a week, the daily paper that contains least news in it—about ten columns of advertisements, and the gratifying telegraphic intelligence that the India mail is in sight off Trieste—and forwards it to us, postage studiously left unpaid ; so we have all the important dispatches never later than a month after you have them in England.

"The other day we were startled by the arrival of a policeman of the town, with two suspicious-looking bits of paper, which we at once conceived to be warrants of arrest for having assisted in putting out a gigantic fire about a night or two before, at which we laboured from eleven till four, to the intense amusement of the population, who stood round and watched. However, the two documents turned out to be permissions to live here, signed by the most despotic potentates of Goslar, and got up entirely regardless of expense. As we had not asked anybody's leave, or even thought of doing so, much less signified our intention of residing here at all, we were much gratified with the attention. We inhabit a little house, detached from a larger one, holding two bedrooms and a sitting-room, a kind of stone-floored apartment where we have our baths, and a little summer-house or arbour, where we take our meals. When Cunningham comes, I shall relinquish him my room, and migrate to the larger house, where resides a Russian baron and his little boy of about eight years old, who is, without exception, the most appallingly polite little creature I ever saw, and insists on always bowing repeatedly when you meet him."

During the Christmas Vacation of 1857 Charles Bowen stayed up at Oxford, having allowed himself only a few days' holiday at his home, which was now at Winchester. On December the 29th he writes to Austen Leigh, giving him careful advice as to the selection of a private tutor, and going on in a pleasant vein of friendly banter. "I had occasion

the other day," he adds in a postscript, apropos of Austen Leigh's prowess in the cricket-field, "to think of an observation, which is as follows: Why is Arthur Austen Leigh rightly called a good bat? Because a bat is a little creature, which goes in very early in the morning, and does not come out till very late in the evening. Of course, this answer does not apply to those occasions on which I bowl on the opposite side."

Two days later he writes to Austen Leigh a bright, affectionate letter of good wishes for the incoming year.

"To-night being the last night of the old year, I am making preparations to see the new one in with intellectual conviviality, and shall, accordingly, read Thucydides till twelve o'clock, and, when the hour strikes, begin the Fifth Book of the Ethics; so 1858 has every reason to feel gratified. . . . Last New Year, I remember, Johnny King and I inaugurated together, and I have no doubt that, as he is away, I shall miss the air of accuracy and detail which he threw over the proceedings. I have every reason to believe that two ladies are occupying Sellar's rooms during his absence, and am thinking of sending for his cigars, lest they should use them all up. If they were widows, I should do so at once, as the connection between that portion of the fairer sex and weeds is too obvious to require explanation. Jowett is away, elaborating heresy in the vicinity of London. Really, I don't at all dislike

the solitude of Oxford, though I find difficulty in getting myself to go out regularly. . . . It is nine o'clock ; the Union is shutting up. Good-bye for the last time in 1857.

“Your very affectionate friend,

“C. B.”

In the spring of the following year Bowen writes in high spirits from Eastbourne, where he and Sellar were making their first experiment in independent housekeeping.

“We wandered up and down looking for lodgings. In the course of our search Sellar suddenly developed the most wonderful arithmetical powers, hitherto, except in Smalls, entirely undeveloped. He beat down four lodginghouse-keepers in four successive quarters of an hour, leaving one delicate woman in tears and an infirm old lady in a paralytic fit. At last we got some, in a very nice house, and after Sellar had logically proved to the owner that she ought to be thankful to take us in for nothing, we came to terms. . . . We provide our own maintenance. This, as you might expect, is a rather terrible affair, and we have just had dinner upon the joint results of our wasted minds. By-the-by, I ought to say that we entered the house only five hours ago, and Sellar has already let his fire out twice, and I have let mine out once ; so the landlady does not think much of us.

“Now, my dear Amyas, if you have any regard for your own health or our prosperity, you will take a ticket at once, and come and read with us. . . . If you don't

immediately come, I don't know what is to become of us, as Sellar has all my money, and is managing the accounts. I am anxious to take them out of his hands, and put them into those of a steady little animal like yourself. Sellar sends his love, and you are to come and bring Jolly and a Latin dictionary."

LIFE IN LONDON.

THE first plunge of the Oxford scholar into his new profession was not encountered without some natural shudders of dislike. The contrast between London life and the familiar pursuits and pleasant intercourse of the University was, no doubt, more striking than agreeable. The legal neophyte was depressed by his uncongenial surroundings.

"I well recollect," he said, addressing the Birmingham Law Students' Society in after-years (January 8, 1884), "the dreary days with which my own experience of the law began, in the chambers of a once famous Lincoln's Inn conveyancer; the gloom of a London atmosphere without, the whitewashed misery of the pupil's room within—both rendered more emphatic by what appeared to us to be the hopeless dinginess of the occupations of the inhabitants. There stood all our dismal text-books in rows—the endless Acts of Parliament, the cases and the authorities, the piles of forms and of precedents—calculated to extinguish all desire of knowledge, even in the most thirsty soul. To use the language of the sacred text, it seemed a barren and a dry land in which no water was.

And, with all this, no adequate method of study, no sound and intelligent principle upon which to collect and to assort our information. One felt like Dante before he descended into the shades. 'In the middle of the journey of our life,' says the great Italian poet, 'I found myself in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost. How hard it is to say what a wild and rough and stubborn wood it was! So bitter is the thought thereof that death hardly can be more bitter.'"

So deep was this impression that for years after, as Bowen told one of his friends, he used to make a *détour* in order to avoid passing these chambers, so greatly did he detest the very sight of them.

Charles Bowen, however little he liked the surroundings of his new life, set himself vigorously to work. Some of his letters at this time sound as if his depression had soon given way to a more cheerful mood. Here is one to Craig Sellar, overflowing with high spirits.

"... Since I wrote last, I have been tried in the fire of tribulation, only to emerge therefrom a brighter jewel. You may be aware that, before Christmas, I came to London, and took lodgings, to which I was attracted by the pleasant look of the young landlady. They were cheap, they were commodious, and they were aristocratic. To one who believes in blood, it could not go for nothing that my landlord was doorkeeper in the House of Lords, which, you know, is next best to being doorkeeper in the

House of the Lord, and may be considered (judging from the shady appearance of the species pew-opener) to be even more remunerative. Nor was this the only privilege. Underneath dwelt a French marchioness, whose race, my landlord told me, was of the noblest. For her sake, I may venture to express a hope that her antiquity of family came anywhere near her antiquity of years. And on the ground-floor resided a vendor of that noxious weed, the use of which, I am happy to say, is unknown in the social circles in which you and I have mixed. The consequence of this confluence of nobility was, as might be expected, a commercial crisis. The marchioness stopped payment; the tobacco-merchant made his bright home, all on a sudden, in the setting sun. You, perhaps, have never been brought into contact suddenly with a bailiff. The first occasion of meeting one is apt to give you a slight shock. But the feeling soon blows over when you have been in immediate communion, as I was, for three days. On the whole, my bailiff was not a bad fellow; he had a deathlike appearance about the face, like our common friend —, and I have reason, from various circumstances, to conjecture that he fed extensively on onions; otherwise he was not a bad kind of creature. He helped me down with my boxes, and I emigrated from the scene of pecuniary embarrassment to my present lodgings at an undertaker's. Hearses run from here to all parts of London. I myself am thinking of taking to the mute line, which, if gloomy, is at least profitable. The funeral service is performed at all hours of the day, and you can be buried at a moment's notice. A reduction is made when taking a quantity. Children and schools

half price. No connection with the house over the way, which is likewise an undertaker's. . . ."

Another letter to Austen Leigh makes fun of the same episode.

"7, Edward's Street,
" Portman Square.

"DEAR AMYAS,

"I think, before I despatched my last, the bailiffs (which, as you will perceive, is commonly spelt with two *f*'s) arrived. It was a very touching scene. They took up their quarters in the kitchen, and lived upon my coffee and on penny loaves. They were very respectable men—perhaps (only one doesn't like to be over critical) a *little* gloomy, if anything; but you soon get over that. One devoted himself to the French marchioness; the other occupied the position of Harasser-general of the household. My landlord made great exertions on my behalf, and got an order to pass out all my property. One bailiff and I got it down into a van in solemn silence. On the stairs I met the French marchioness, a fine old lady of seventy, with a wicked look in her eye, like the Baden pictures of Thackeray. I ought here to mention that, not only had the marchioness been a defaulter, but the 'ground-floor,' a respectable vendor of tobacco, had suddenly eloped to America, leaving behind his debts and ten bundles of cigars. So horrible, my dear Amyas, is that vicious habit of smoking, and such are the depraving influences which it exerts over all connected with it. The bright home of 'ground-floor' being henceforward in the setting sun, he could not do much to extricate my

landlord from his difficulties ; so matters are in a bad way. However, my landlord and his nice wife do not suffer, as I already told you, to any great extent.

"I am not, accordingly, my dear little creature, in the hospital ; though I may be said to have gone into that line of life, as my new landlord, in order to repress any improper tendency to cheerfulness in those about him, has chosen the career of an undertaker. At 7, Edward's Street, Portman Square, families are supplied (such is our high boast) with every necessary for the grave. The room I have secured is a splendid one, and when you have thrown in a clergyman, who lives above, the whole establishment is almost ecclesiastical. Write and tell me when you are coming to see me. I dare say, if you choose, you can have a shakedown in a coffin, which is my intention for the future, penury forbidding me to go to the luxury of a bed. At all events you will find a warm welcome, and that funerals are conducted with the strictest economy.

"In great haste, thanking you for your letter, dear Amyas,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES BOWEN."

In April, Bowen entered the chambers of Mr. Christie, one of the most distinguished conveyancers of the day.

"Yesterday morning," he writes, April 21, "I wound up with Hawkins, and betook myself to Christie's, 2, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, where I am at present endeavouring, as far as possible, to disturb the peace

of domestic circles throughout the country by making blunders in marriage settlements and creating irremediable flaws in titles. As yet I have not been allowed to do much harm, but hope to be permitted to do more as soon as I have learnt a little about it. We are a very intellectual circle at Christie's. Only two Senior Wranglers at present, but, no doubt, more are coming."

Here Bowen found in his preceptor a companion who could unbend to other and more congenial themes than law. "When I was a half-hatched student at Lincoln's Inn," he told an audience, many years later, "I was the pupil of a distinguished conveyancer who loved works of fiction, and many a half-hour have I spent with him discussing Balzac, when his confidential clerk was under the impression that we were settling the draft of some marriage settlement. . . ."

A letter written in 1860 to one of his cousins, wife of a country clergyman, touches amusingly on the alarm which Jowett's arrival in the neighbourhood might occasion in clerical circles, and smooths the way for a kindlier welcome than he might otherwise have received.

"A cloud is gathering over Cliveden, and, indeed, has perhaps already broken. The great Oxford heretic has gone down to stay there for a few weeks, and the atmosphere is probably charged with unorthodoxy at this very

G

moment. I need hardly say that I allude to Mr. Jowett. I wonder whether you will come across him. He is gone to read with two young Balliol men during the Easter Vacation. If George, in the course of his sermon, casts his eye upon a small, delicate face, belonging to a little figure, with a high forehead and whitening hair, and the look of a saint, he may be sure that he is preaching to the arch-heretic whose throne is on the banks of the Isis. I do very much hope that some fortunate accident may bring him in your way. I am sure that, theology apart, you would like him excessively; though he is very silent and reserved, he is a man of such taste and moral refinement, and I feel (as many other Balliol men, scattered all over England, feel) that I owe more to him than to any other man in the world."

In this year occurs the earliest indication of any serious failure in health. Bowen's doctors were peremptory in insisting on a long and complete holiday, and in the spring he set out upon a tour in France and Italy. In France he had the honour of making acquaintance with Montalembert, who accorded the brilliant young Oxonian a kindly welcome. In Italy, his friendship with Saffi—illustrious exile, for whom Oxford had created a special Chair—made the traveller the object of general hospitality in liberal circles. The holiday soon effected the desired result, and in the autumn Bowen was again immersed in law.

"I am a reformed character," he writes to A. Austen Leigh, in October, 1860; "I have not smoked a pipe or a cigar for seven weeks, rise early, and am reading law from six to eight hours a day. I write this in chambers at six, having arrived here and not left my chair since ten. What do you say to that?"

Here is another letter to Austen Leigh, running over with the boisterous fun, which turns everything—big and small—to its own account, and can amuse itself with such mild pleasantries as the adoption of an absurd nickname. Is there a Dignity of biography—as of history—which would frown on its inclusion? In the interest of my readers I will risk her frown.

"DEAREST AMYAS,

"Thank you for being such a well-behaved young person as to write me a long letter, replete with so much instruction and amusement. I suppose that you are dividing your time between the history schools and tormenting your too-indulgent friends. So you have been playing rackets with a prince. Being myself on terms of intimacy with the royal family which preclude all notion of etiquette, I have no conception of the ceremonies usual on such occasions, but presume that you played upon your knees. Of course his Royal Highness won the game. I do not know that I have any similar intelligence to offer you. Binks still tosses in the

waves of this troublesome world: keeping his eye on heaven, and his hands during this cold weather chiefly in his pockets. He has been a little taken aback by the unhandsome behaviour of an influenza, which, having confined him to his room for a week, has again returned, after the interval of a fortnight, to vex his righteous soul. He devotes himself regularly as usual to his forensic studies, and is gradually reducing the British constitution to a certainty. Next Tuesday week he is going to examine at Harrow. This he considers will lend the last touch of *éclat* to the retirement of Dr. Vaughan. How brilliant the powers of deception, my beloved Amyas, which can impose twice running on a man like that! Never say again that Binks is a humbug. Of course he is to a considerable degree, but it is most unlikely that you should have found him out.

"Once a week he is in the habit of communicating his matured opinion upon things in general to his countrymen through the medium of the *Saturday Review*. All the articles are his with the hard historical names. He gets them, a number at a time, in Bayle's Dictionary. The quotations from Seneca he is obliged to compose himself, not having a Seneca in the house. It is not true that he has read Chateaubriand, though it is very natural you should suppose he has. That last fragment of the celebrated foreigner was only a bit out of an old Balliol essay put into French. The trouble of translation is very slight to Binks, who talks French like a native. In this you perceive, my dear Amyas, the advantages of a liberal education. It gives you unlimited command over the finest figures of speech, and the greatest authors of every nation.

"Binks, like the rest of his fellow-creatures, is scared almost out of his senses, like the rest of the country, by the prospect of the French. He is divided as to the course he intends to pursue. At one moment he thinks of taking Orders till the invasion has blown over. At another he trembles on the brink of a rifle corps. Meanwhile he confines himself to the most complete exposures of our military and naval system in his Organ. The Duke of Somerset has been much struck by some of his observations: and an Illustrious Personage was heard the other night to say, in a moment of irritation, that She would give a thousand pounds to have Binks's head. Perhaps, however, as has been suggested, she did not mean Binks's blood, but only Binks's intellectual powers. Taking this latter view of her remark, with that charity which is so congenial to his spirit, Binks can only say he wishes that she had. But *que voulez-vous?* A Guelph is not and never can be a Binks. It is the curse of genius that it only runs in families.

"Among other amusements, Binks gives a lecture once a week on the Latin declensions to some working men at a mechanics' college. Henceforward Binks ranks as one of the bulwarks of education, and intends to play a leading part in the social science movements. If you have an ancient Latin grammar to spare he would be much obliged for the loan of it, as though he is familiar with the great principles of the language, he is (to borrow a sporting metaphor) 'shaky on his pins' with respect to the irregular verbs. Yesterday he saw Commander-in-chief Warre, whose military aspect terrified Binks, and is quite sufficient in itself for the protection of the whole south-east coast.

The moment Binks saw him, he asked for quarter. It must be confessed that Binks is anything but martial. Do you think that, in the event of a war, he would be allowed to become a sister of mercy? Glory is to be won in the humble practices of charity no less than on the battle-field.

"But time presses, and Binks, even Binks, cannot speak for ever. He sends his best love to Cole and others; more especially to Cole, with whom he is not angry, only grieved. On Sunday week he will probably be in Oxford with T. Hughes.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"C. BOWEN."

On January 27, 1861, Charles Bowen was called to the Bar. He writes next day telling Austen Leigh of the event, and referring to the contest which had just taken place between Mr. Max Müller and Mr. Monier Williams for the Sanscrit Chair, which had, unfortunately, been influenced more by the theological prepossessions of the electorate than by a strict regard to the merits of the candidates.

"So Max Müller didn't get it. I have for ever ruined my prospects at the Bar by not writing to congratulate Mr. Monier Williams's brother, who is a solicitor. But I really could not do it, though I have no doubt you will jeer at what I consider a noble and disinterested conscientiousness.

"N.B.—I was yesterday called to the Bar. I have already begun to keep a register of all my best and most brilliant remarks for the benefit of some future author of the Lives of the English Chancellors."

A great change in Charles Bowen's circumstances was now impending—a change which was to add greatly to the pleasures and anxieties of existence. In February, 1861, he became engaged to be married to Emily Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. James Meadows Rendel, the distinguished civil engineer. Never was there a happier or more devoted lover, or one whose delight in his good fortune overflowed with more spontaneous gaiety of heart among his friends. A letter of congratulation upon this event from Professor Jowett shows how strong a bond of affection, at this time, existed between tutor and pupil.

"February 10, 1861.

"I write a line to congratulate you and to assure you that I have the most sincere pleasure in anything that promises happiness to you. I should be the most ungrateful of human beings not to feel deeply your affection for me, which indeed I have never been able to account for on any other principle than Falstaff's, 'He has given me medicines to make him love me.' It has been a great pleasure and good to me in a life which of late years has

not been quite happily circumstanced, though I do not mean to complain of it.

"When shall we give an entertainment in honour of the young lady? I think that it is all as well that she has not £100,000 a year, as she will keep tugging at your gown until you get briefs. I wonder whether I shall live to see any of my old pupils a Chancellor or Chief Justice?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"B. JOWETT."

In October, 1861, Bowen joined the Western Circuit, and began the traditional routine of the young barrister's career.

"I have just been on my first Sessions," he writes to A. C. Sellar from Streatham—the residence of A. M. Rendel, who was soon to become his brother-in-law—"and have had ten little briefs, and a bad abscess on it, which latter has confined me for some time to an inn at Portsmouth. I have, however, at last, managed to get back to a sofa in more civilized regions, and bidden adieu to chambermaids and waiters with considerable joy."

The young barrister's anxieties as to professional success became, naturally, acuter when a prospective wife was added to the topics about which he had to be anxious. Charles Bowen, always a hard worker, worked harder than ever. Besides his legal studies, which were pursued

with more than average zeal, he had been, since 1859, adding to his resources by constant contributions to the *Saturday Review*. This paper had been founded on the ruins of the *Morning Chronicle* by several leading members of its staff. Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope was principal proprietor, Mr. J. Douglas Cook the editor. Bowen's University reputation had naturally attracted the attention of its conductors, on the look-out for brilliant recruits, and, along with several young Oxford contemporaries, he had come to form one of its regular contributors.

The paper had attracted attention by its ability, its audacity, its unsparing attacks, the strong drop of acid that flavoured its outspokenness. In controversy it was vigorous and not too polite. The "Superfine Review" was the sneer in which Thackeray, provoked by some supposed affront, expressed his view of its pretentious refinement. Other victims consoled themselves with denouncing it as "The Saturday Reviler." The paper, at any rate, was a force, and no mean one, in the world of journalism. The staff formed a group of men of real distinction: Sir H. Maine, G. S. Venables, Lord Cranborne (Marquess of Salisbury), T. C. Sandars, J. F. Stephen, Sir W. Harcourt, Goldwin

Smith, and Mr. T. Scott, a London incumbent, of strong High Church prepossessions, a copious vocabulary, and a reckless pen. Though most of the influential writers were pronounced Liberals in politics and theology, the views of the chief proprietor, Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope, tended strongly in the direction of High Church Conservatism, and these views were ably supported by more than one of the most brilliant contributors.

The consequence was that there ran through the paper a strong vein of Conservatism and Ecclesiasticism, which occasionally bewildered its readers, and produced, before long, a schism in the staff.

For a time, Mr. J. D. Cook's tact, good nature, and easy-going epicureanism prevented the discordant elements from breaking into open war. But the truce was of no long duration. Two striking personages in the Liberal ranks were at this time the objects of attack by the champions of orthodox theology. Jowett's influential position at the University, his quiet but undisguisedly progressive tone, frequently provoked his opponents to open war. Arthur Stanley, charming all readers by a delightful style, and challenging opposition by courageous championship of unpopular causes,

was not likely to be ignored by polemical writers, alarmed at inroads on accepted views. The occurrence of such attacks in the columns of the *Saturday Review* placed the Liberal contributors, especially those who were bound to Jowett and Stanley by the ties of personal affection, in an awkward predicament. They could not but recognize that their presence and co-operation gave weight to attacks which, appearing in less distinguished company, might hardly have attracted attention, and that, however little they sympathized with the assailants, they incurred responsibility for whatever pain or injury the newspaper, of which they were the supporters, was capable of inflicting.

In 1861, an attack on Stanley in the *Saturday Review* brought the latent antagonism to a head. Charles Bowen, J. F. Stephen, and others of the contributors seceded. Some efforts were made to start a rival journal, which should be exempt from such backslidings. Its editorship was offered, it would appear from one of Charles Bowen's letters, both to himself and Sir H. Maine. Both, however, had the wisdom to decline a dangerous and laborious post, which would have practically involved the abandonment of their profession.

The quarrel was ultimately adjusted by an

arrangement which the seceding contributors considered as satisfactorily safeguarding them from any participation in such attacks for the future. Bowen, who had, in the meanwhile, established a connection with the *Spectator*, joined in the general reconciliation; his return to the *Saturday Review* was heartily welcomed by its genial and sagacious chief. Some letters on the subject, which passed between Charles Bowen and his friends, especially Professor Jowett and Stanley, throw an interesting light upon the dispute.

“You may be sure,” Charles Bowen, in one of these, writes to Jowett, “that I never will write for any paper in which it is possible that either you or Stanley should be attacked, either directly or indirectly, by innuendo or otherwise. So that, if I go back to the *Saturday Review* (which I have not yet determined to do) it will be in case I should feel that there is no chance or possibility of a repetition of such articles as these last.”

Here is a letter of Jowett’s to Charles Bowen on the same subject.

“Stanley tells me that he wrote to urge you to continue your connection with the *Saturday Review*. I am sure I should wish you to do so, as far as I am concerned, but it did not occur to me to say this to you. And, depend upon it, it is really wiser to remain and try to influence the *Review*, and not allow — to be its presiding genius.

I am truly grateful and sensible of the strong proof of affection you showed to me, but I should not be at all the less so if you went back to it again, and I hope you will not be deterred by any considerations of this sort."

In another letter Jowett gives some excellent counsel as to the spirit in which the project of a new journal should be carried out.

"I hear with much interest that some adventurous spirits are thinking of starting a new weekly review. Is this so? I hope you will have the best editor who can be found (no one occurs to me better than Sandars). It will be foolish in such a venture not to be liberal in the salary and in the payments to contributors.

"It is easy to see what such a review should not be; it should not be 'young and curly;' it should not inaugurate a new moral world; it should not carry on a warfare with the old *Saturday*; it should not begin with a flourish of trumpets, or announcement of principles, but creep into notice by the ability of its articles.

"It should be Liberal in politics, yet with the aim of making liberality palatable to the educated and aristocratic; it should be liberal in religion (not in the sense of the *Westminster*); it should have a distinct object (like the *Edinburgh* in old days) which would, in fact, be the politics of five or ten years hence. It should attach itself to some leading politicians, Lord John, Gladstone, Sir G. Lewis, Lord Stanley.

"It should not fanatically abuse the Emperor Napoleon or John Bright, or competitive examinations, or the Evangelical clergy. It should include High Churchmen,

and make religion one of its leading topics ; it should have no 'isms,' no pretensions of superhuman virtue. Above all, it should be amusing.

"Stanley takes a view of the subject which is worth considering before you start, viz. that, after all, the amalgamation of opposites in the *Saturday* is more good than harm. But I think you might still continue to unite them in the new review.

"The real reconciliation of classes in the world and of parties in the Church ; the balance of foreign and English interests in Europe ; the working out and application of political economy to the interests of the lower classes, are fields in which a new review might hope to do some service. These sorts of aims look pompous when written down in this way ; to do any good with them they should be concealed though pursued. Foolish aspirations and self-consciousness are, perhaps, the worst fault of taste a newspaper can have."

Of his own view of the controversy in a wider phase Bowen wrote to his friend, Craig Sellar, in a somewhat less measured strain than was habitual to him.

"Talking of 'Essays and Reviews,' why on earth is the Defence Fund not to publish the names of its contributors? It is perfectly contemptible, a lot of skulking creatures believing in their hearts that the men are all right, and yet leaving them alone to bear the brunt of the fight, and getting themselves under cover. As for the conduct of all the semi-liberals on the subject, it is simply damnable. Half have stood by in the dark stabbing their

own side, and the others have stood by and let them be stabbed. Semi-liberalism, by which I mean that dry polish of literary refinement which innate Tories put on and call it Liberalism, is getting so common that the Conservatives can have everything their own way. 'Essays and Reviews' are not, I suppose, the tip-top work of all the genius of the century; but they are much better, on the whole, than the twaddle talked on the other side. I dare say you will think my language altered since I left (for I have left) the *Saturday Review*; and I do say the line the *Saturday Review* has taken about it has been dastardly in the extreme."

Keen, indeed, was Bowen's satisfaction when, a year later, at the very moment when Stanley's persecutors had succeeded in shutting him out from the University pulpit, and the din of battle was growing almost too fierce even for that courageous soul, he was transferred to a less tumultuous scene.

"I am delighted," Bowen writes to Stanley, "that you are going to the Deanery of Westminster; partly because it is some mark of honor to yourself, whom, ever since I was a boy, I have been taught to look on as most worthy of honor in the Church: and, quite as much, because the Deanery of Westminster is the blue riband of learning and scholarship, and everybody that I know and respect feels that your appointment is what the Government have owed the country for a long time. It must be interesting to you to know that all educated men and all the best friends of the Church of England are deeply interested in any distinction bestowed on you."

In January, 1862, the marriage took place—a courageous step for a man who had still his professional position to secure, and all the more courageous, in the Bowens' case, from the circumstance that neither husband nor wife were as robust in health as the struggle of a barrister's life renders essential. Charles Bowen was probably in far more delicate health than he imagined. He was, in fact, in one important respect, an invalid. The process which ultimately cut short his life had, we must believe, already begun; the strain upon body and mind had been too severe. The games and enjoyments of school and college, though in one sense a refreshment, may, at the same time, have contributed to general exhaustion. He was now starting on a career which makes large calls on a man's physical and intellectual powers of endurance; which involves intense and protracted exertion; long days of watchfulness and concentration; short nights, or no nights; work done at the highest possible pressure, and, above all, done at racing pace; and he was doing this without any reserve of health and strength on which, in times of emergency, he might draw. The remainder of Charles Bowen's life was, accordingly, to a large extent, one long struggle against the breakdown

which was ever close at hand. Only one result could be anticipated, and that result ensued.

Those who had the opportunity of watching him closely for the next few years, knew too well how severe the struggle was, how constant the interruptions from failing powers, how serious the drain upon vital power. His temperament and training alike conduced to exhaustion.

It is sometimes urged as a complaint against University education that it tends to produce a superfine article, too subtle, too exquisite, too highly strung for the commonplace purposes of human life. These highly wrought machines, it is suggested, actually lose power in practical business from their very finish and perfection. They do each piece of work exquisitely—more exquisitely than the occasion requires or deserves; and this superfluous excellence is achieved at enormous cost of nerve and brain power. The fires burn bright and intense, but are apt too soon to burn themselves out. There is the waste, which, as the proverb tells us, results, when razors of fine temper are used to cut blocks, or thoroughbred horses are put into sand-carts.

Many of such men, conscious of their unfitness for the rude business of life, and shrinking from

H

contact with it, let their opportunities go by, and never emerge from obscurity. Others, more courageous and more ambitious, plunge boldly into the conflict, "breast the blows of circumstance," command the success which they deserve, and achieve celebrity. None the less the original impress remains. Such men are, at heart, philosophers and poets. Their quality shows itself in two directions. On the one hand, there is a certain exquisiteness of taste, a fastidiousness of judgment, a scrupulous nicety which nothing, falling short of the highest and most uncompromising standard of excellence, will satisfy; and which makes all work a painful and exhausting struggle after unattainable perfection. On the other hand, there is a counter influence, the sadness of insight, a besetting scepticism as to the interest and worth of human things; a haunting suspicion that the struggles, excitements, and prizes of existence are not worth the effort which they involve, that human achievement is but a troublesome illusion, and that, when all has been said and done, our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Some traces of such a habit of mind are, I think, observable throughout each part of Charles Bowen's career. His standard was so high that

it cost a life-struggle to attain it. He attained it, or was nearer to doing so than most of his fellow-men. But the effort was too great. It undermined his constitution. It cost him his health, his life. To the end he was working with too fine an instrument, and it was shattered in the using. On the other hand, he never quite believed in life. Under a superficial gaiety there ran a vein of melancholy. Successes and honours rained thick upon him. Under each lay the besetting suspicion that all is vanity.

Charles Bowen had been but a few months married when symptoms of delicacy began to reveal themselves. He suffered from repeated attacks of fever, the origin of which, when it could not be traced to malaria, had to be found in overstrain of powers and consequent nervous prostration. His nerves were in a condition of such morbid sensibility that the slightest noise or movement in the room where he was at work gave him acute distress. Nothing but a complete and prolonged rest, the doctors pronounced, would avail for the restoration of his health. But how unwelcome a prescription for the rising barrister! Charles Bowen refused to leave his work, and struggled on for two years more, when further

resistance became impossible, and he was forced to acknowledge a complete breakdown.

It was decided that he should take a year's holiday. He went abroad with his wife, travelled leisurely along the Riviera, and passed the winter of 1865 and the following spring at Rome. On their homeward journey the Bowens spent some weeks in Switzerland. They were joined by Mr. Bullock Hall at Seelisberg. "There," says Mr. Hall, "we spent several delightful weeks, wandering in the woods, bathing in an upland lake near the Nicier Baum Rock. Charles Bowen's health gradually re-established itself. Towards the end of our stay he was able to join me in an eight-hour walk from Engelberg, over the Surenen Pass to Altdorf."

The travellers returned to England in July. In the autumn Charles Bowen made a tour with Mr. Archibald Milman and myself in Norway. Bowen and I started together from Hull. One interest of the voyage to us was to test a specific for sea-sickness just then in vogue, viz. a long bag of ice applied to the spine. As the passage was a rough one, our steamer a roller of the first order, and Bowen a wretched sailor, the supposed prophylactic had an excellent opportunity of making its

merits known. The result was disappointing, and we arrived at Christiansand in a somewhat prostrate condition. Bowen, however, found material for fun in this and every other mishap of our tour—then a much rougher business than it has since become. Coasting onwards to Christiania, we there purchased carriages, and made our way by the Gubbrandsdal and across the Dovre Fjeld to Trondheim, and ultimately made our quarters at Storfa, one of the fine terraces that flank the valleys of the Sundal river. The hopes of good salmon-fishing, which had lured us to this stream, proved illusory; but we were compensated by a more than ordinarily splendid Aurora Borealis, which we watched, to great advantage, from a neighbouring glen. The scene of solemn loveliness sent us back to our quarters in too sublime a mood to care about the commonplace details of bed and board, which were the reverse of luxurious. Bowen, despite some lethal powders, which formed part of his equipment, waged an ineffectual warfare against the insect-life to which the pine forests of Norway seem especially congenial. From Storfa we pushed westwards to the coast at Molde, and thence southward, crossing the Nord Fjord and Logne Fjord, to Bergen, halting, as occasion

" Fair realms of fern, more exquisite than ours,
More delicate and bright,
And endless glades of glimmering seaweed bowers,
In golden water light.

" On such an afternoon to such a place
Came sad Undine, and from some mountain shelf,
With desolate eyes and melancholy grace,
A shadow of herself,

" Beheld in trance her youth return, the same
As when, one summer morn, a sister band—
Knowledge and Love and Grief—together came,
And took her by the hand.

" She felt white arms that waved, or seemed to wave,
And, waving, call her downwards to the deep,
Where all her friendly waters, cold and grave,
Lay mourning in their sleep,

" And sighed and rose, and turned her steps again
Along the rock-hewn ledge, where, far aloof,
The sunset reddened on a lonely pane
And a deserted roof."

We returned in October, to find a goodly heap of letters, written throughout the tour, waiting at the port of embarkation, to travel homeward in our company. Bowen could not face the Skager Rack again, and preferred a long land journey by Denmark. He was certainly much improved in health, and was able to resume his professional work, though still handicapped by occasional illnesses and shattered nerves. He had now a further

object for professional success. He was a father. The eldest son, William, was born in November, 1862; the second, Maxwell, in October, 1865.

In 1868 public attention was occupied by the dispute between the United States and England as to the responsibilities of the latter power for the injuries inflicted by the *Alabama* on American shipping, after her escape from the English port in which she had been built. The quarrel had lingered on for years, and had only become the more acute from ineffectual attempts at adjustment. English opinion—strongly tintured, in some quarters, with sympathy with the Southern States' struggle for independence—was not prepared to admit itself in the wrong. The United States, on the other hand, deeply aggrieved at the attitude of England, and naturally exasperated at the losses inflicted by the *Alabama*, had not the slightest intention of allowing the claim to lapse for want of prosecution. The controversy had drifted to a critical stage. Mr. Seward's offer to submit the case to arbitration, at first declined by Lord Russell, had been accepted in principle by Lord Stanley, but subject to conditions with which the American Government felt unable to comply. Lord Stanley insisted that the arbitration should proceed on

the assumption that, at the date of the Queen's Proclamation, May 13, 1861, recognizing the Confederate States as a belligerent power, a state of war did actually exist, and that the question for the arbiter should be whether, on this assumption, there had been any such failure on the part of Great Britain in its duties, as a neutral, towards the United States as to involve a moral responsibility to make good any losses arising therefrom to American citizens. The Government of the United States, on the other hand, had throughout contended that the Queen's Proclamation was unjustifiable, and now insisted that this question, as well as that of subsequent negligence on the part of Great Britain in her duties as a neutral, should be made part of the reference. Charles Bowen had formed a decided opinion on the subject, and he now formulated his opinions in a pamphlet, which was at once accepted, on both sides, as a learned, logical and weighty statement of the case. His main object was to induce his countrymen to see the reasonableness of the United States' contention that the whole case should be submitted to arbitration. He believed that, on the question as to the existence of a state of war at the date of the Queen's Proclamation, the English

Government were in the right; none the less, he urged, Mr. Seward's position was an intelligible one, and, in any case, England's true policy would be to accept the arbitration on Mr. Seward's conditions. England had something to regret and to repair in the matter of the *Alabama*, and it did not become us "to approach in too technical a spirit the terms of arbitration propounded by a nation which has suffered heavily by our inadvertence." For the purpose of his argument Bowen had to controvert the doctrine propounded by the well-known "Historicus," that a neutral nation is bound by no rule of international law to enforce her own neutrality, but is entitled, without ceasing to be a neutral, to remit or assert, as it pleases, its neutral rights in favour of one belligerent. Bowen had little difficulty in demonstrating that this contention was unsustainable, and was, in fact, repudiated in the clearest terms, by the very writers on whom "Historicus" relied. His exposition of this part of the case is an excellent example of the qualities which, in after-years, rendered his judgments admired models of all that a judicial utterance should be. Every point, however minute, is considered with scrupulous nicety; on the other hand, there is a constant

tendency to rise above details, and to carry the argument into the higher and clearer atmosphere of first principles. The author's account, for instance, of the growth of that somewhat vague and nebulous entity known as "international law," stripped the subject of much of its ambiguity, and cleared the ground for that and any subsequent controversy in which international rights and duties are in dispute. It is no longer the mere lawyer who speaks, but the philosophic historian, quickened with the lawyer's acumen.

Another branch of Bowen's argument was to show that the circumstances of the *Alabama's* escape were such as to raise a strong *primâ facie* case of negligence against the British authorities, a contention which, at the present day, few would be found to dispute, but which, at the time, it required some courage to maintain against the strong prepossessions of English opinion. In claiming indemnity for such negligence before the arbitrator, the United States might, the author went on to urge, reasonably claim to show surrounding facts indicative of the general intention of the offending party. The Queen's Proclamation—hasty, premature, and contrary to international law as Americans regarded it—was essentially such

a fact. It showed *animus*, and went to favour the inference that England had not done her best to prevent the escape. Though not alleged as a ground of damages, it was, Americans might urge, an unfriendly and ungenerous step. And the friendliness or unfriendliness of our behaviour, from the summer of 1861 downwards, might be material to the question whether, in the summer of 1862, we dealt with the *Alabama* in a spirit of scrupulous neutrality. "The *animus* displayed in the one year might illustrate or support the argument of negligence in the next."

Another ground of C. Bowen's argument in favour of submitting the whole case to arbitration rested on the consideration that it was impolitic for England to stand out as the champion of the extreme rights of neutrals, a doctrine which might be inconveniently enforced against herself in case of a naval war. Regard, too, must be had to the desirability of terminating a dangerous estrangement between England and the United States. In adopting the basis of arbitration in cases where her own interests were concerned, England would be taking one step further towards a higher level of civilization.

"Universal peace, sung of by poets, scoffed at by cynics

dreamed of by good men, is still hidden far beyond our sight, in the cloudland of the future; but if we cannot hope to reach it, we may, at least, desire to move towards it. The Congress of Paris, which closed the Crimean War, recognized the value of the humane principle of arbitration—put forward in the first instance by England's envoys—and recommended it to Europe. It may be hoped that we are not going to move backwards by all these years. For every reason, for the sake of right and justice, as well as for the sake of English interests, it is to be desired that the protracted controversy should soon end."

The pamphlet excited great interest.

"On my way from the House last night," writes Mr. T. Hughes, "I called at Lady Stanley's, where I found Lord Russell sitting. He had read your pamphlet, and was very much struck by its ability and fairness. You will be pleased to hear this. For myself, it seems to me as near perfection as possible, and if it does not decide the question in the right sense, nothing will. It will, at any rate, furnish us all with weapons for the debate next month."

Another congratulatory letter comes from Professor Jowett, followed, unhappily, too soon by another of condolence and encouragement in the illness which followed the publication of the pamphlet.

"I am very much grieved," Jowett writes, "to hear about your illness. I hope that you will not lose heart,

and then all will be well. Unless you break down in health altogether, I am confident of your success. And if you do break down, which I don't anticipate, I am sure that you may have another sort of success in a distinguished literary life.

"Therefore *θάρρει, ὦ βέλτιστε*, and don't think much of the loss of three weeks or a month as a piece taken out of life. There is plenty of time to recover that."

"The pamphlet is talked about and makes its way," Jowett writes later. "It came out at the right time, and is not thought, in the present temper of people's minds, to be un-English. There is a greater sense of change of opinion going on in England now than I ever remember. They don't know what to think about Ireland, about the Church, about classical education ; and anybody who would make a row might get something done."

The illness proved more serious than Jowett had anticipated. Bowen was for three months confined to his bed, or sofa. He underwent a severe operation, suffered greatly, and made but a slow recovery.

A letter written early in this year, by Charles Bowen to his cousin, Miss Frances Steel Graves, is of interest, as being conceived in a more serious vein than was habitual to him in his communications with others, and giving an insight into the graver side of his character. It is the wise and sympathetic utterance of a high-minded man to one whose

esteem and sympathy he valued, and for whose well-being he felt a warm concern.

Speaking of religious opinions, he writes—

“It is difficult to explain the position of any one person about these things; it generally stands by itself; and at the present day most men who have ever thought seriously on such matters are, perhaps, in a very puzzling position, especially as regards the freedom with which they ought to discuss or proclaim their opinions to those whom they care for. I think myself that the right course is, never (within certain limits, which I need not now explain) to pretend distinctly to think what one does not, but, if necessary, to avoid all controversy. For the rest, a sincere wish to learn what is true, however much it may conflict with any of one’s cherished ideas, and a resolution, at all costs, to follow what seems to one (after hearing as much of all sides as one can) to be true, is to my mind the one thing to be aimed at in life. I am sure that it is no easy task; it frequently involves pain to others and pain to one’s self; often, as in the case of some people whose course I daily am observing, it involves the sacrifice of all social and worldly ambition and success. I think that, if people, who are hurt and grieved by finding those they care for following any path of thought they dislike, would reflect on it, they would see that loyalty to the cause of what one soberly (after weighing all sides, to the best of one’s judgment) believes to represent truth, is the first thing needful. What I wish for myself is more fearlessness in holding to what I in my heart think, than encouragement to disguise from myself what I *do* think.

If I was only as brave as some I know, and long have known, I should be far more what I should like. Not that I feel or value less, dear Frances, your New Year's wish. I feel it very deeply; and my New Year's wish for you is in return, that you may have as happy and noble a life as I think you will have, being kept as far as may be from all moods and phases of theological discussion or enquiry, which are unnecessary; but, with this, that you may never, in the course of time, drift into a worldly way of forgetting that life is too short for the world's ways or opinions or distinctions to be of much consequence to any one, and that the true heroes of life are often to be found among those on whose fearless advocacy of what they believe the world is making social war. I am not one of such people myself, and don't profess to be, but I know some of them; and would rather be amongst them than amongst their critics. I say this, because I neither should like you to go on misunderstanding my views about theology, philosophy, and politics, as I see that you have been paining yourself, in an affectionate way, over them; and because I would rather you understood from myself the reason why I abstain from professing before you to like to discuss such subjects. I am glad to have got your letter, and shall always keep it among my most valued papers.

"Good-bye, and believe me, ever your very affectionate cousin, dear Frances, and your faithful friend,

"CHARLES BOWEN."

THE BAR.

BOWEN's early years at the Bar were not without their anxieties and disappointments. His reputation for ability was established, but the question had yet to be solved whether his ability was of that precise order which would command success at the Bar. His extreme youthfulness of appearance, his academic refinement, his polished satire, his apologetic manner, his deference to the opinions of others, his lack of the comfortable air of self-assertion which so largely commands the suffrages of mankind, stood, no doubt, in the way of his early success. Solicitors are a sceptical race, not easily impressed by University distinctions. Bowen was not, at the outset, a fluent or commanding speaker, and the points which he was naturally inclined to take were often too fine and too subtle for the audience or the occasion. Even in high quarters he did not immediately find favour. Chief Justice Cockburn, on Bowen's first appearance

before him, listened at the outset with interest and attention ; but, as the argument proceeded, is said to have thrown himself back in his chair with a gesture of impatience and disappointment. Still less were the common juries of the Western Circuit likely to appreciate the delicate irony of a Platonic orator. "If you consider, gentlemen," Bowen is reported to have said, in prosecuting a marauder, who was caught on the roof of a house with the implements of his trade in hand, "that the accused was on the roof of the house for the purpose of enjoying the midnight breeze, and, by pure accident, happened to have about him the necessary tools of a housebreaker, with no dishonest intention of employing them, you will, of course, acquit him"—a recommendation which the jury proceeded to carry out by a verdict of acquittal.

Bowen's first appearance at Westminster before the Court in Banc was a somewhat trying ordeal to a junior's nerves. The argument turned on an alleged misdirection by Chief Baron Pollock. The Chief Baron himself presided in the appellate tribunal, and had a clear recollection of what his charge had been. Bowen's remembrance was equally distinct, and he had shorthand notes and other corroborative evidence at his back. The

Chief Baron grew more and more positive; positiveness presently kindled into wrath. Bowen, resolved on death or victory, was pertinacious, insistent, unabashed. Prometheus defying the Olympians was scarcely playing a more audacious rôle than this neophyte in the profession essaying to convince the Chief Baron, against his will, as to the language he had used. The wrath was becoming very Olympian indeed, and the consequences threatened to be serious, when a friendly missive from a member of the Court—Sir George Honyman, if I remember rightly—warned the young combatant that there are bounds to human temerity, and occasions on which the assault should not be pressed too far, and that the Chief Baron's health would be imperilled by a prolongation of the encounter. I remember, as we walked homeward from Westminster that evening—both of us in great excitement at the events of the afternoon, Bowen certain of his cause, but doubtful as to his prudence and his skill—how we reassured ourselves by the reflection that Chief Barons, after all, were mortals like ourselves, must have once worn the stuff gown and sighed for briefs, and would probably have a latent sympathy for an advocate too zealous to be easily abashed.

Bowen's first case of importance was an arbitration case in which Fitzjames Stephen and he were engaged on behalf of the firm of Nettlefold and Chamberlain, of which Mr. (the Right Honourable) Joseph Chamberlain was then a member. The question was one concerning patent rights, and involved much technical detail as to intricate machinery and an investigation of very elaborate accounts. It was deferred for several months in order to give time for Bowen's recovery to be sufficiently complete to allow him to take an active part in it. Mr. Chamberlain formed a lasting friendship with both his counsel in the case.

Charles Bowen's abilities were now rapidly forcing their way to recognition. In 1868 he was appointed a member of the Totnes Bribery Commission. It was found, however, that his standing at the Bar disqualified him for the post. The difficulty had to be got over by his appointment as Secretary to the Commission. In 1869 he was made a Revising Barrister.

In November of this year the birth of a third child—Ethel, now Mrs. Wedgwood—added another item to the list of life's pleasures and anxieties. The necessity of success was more than ever imperative.

In 1870 an opportunity of important public service presented itself. The hardships inflicted on labourers and artisans in railway works, mines, collieries and other departments of industry by the system known as "Truck," had for long engaged public attention. The name covered various arrangements by which the employé was practically coerced to spend all or the greater part of his earnings at shops in which the employer was interested. In its origin it was probably useful in supplying the wants of workmen in localities where no shops existed ; but it was liable to be abused, and was too frequently abused for the purposes of oppression and illegitimate profit. In some languishing trades the employer of labour looked to the truck-shop as an essential portion of his receipts. In all the custom of paying wages at long intervals, sometimes a month or more, involved the necessity, to all but the best classes of workmen, of finding the means of subsistence meanwhile, and these means were supplied by the employer on terms generally unfairly advantageous to himself. The evil was of old standing. As early as 1464, an Act of Edward IV. was directed against the abuses of the cloth-making trade, in which the labourers were obliged to take a great

part of their wages "in pins, girdles and other unprofitable wares." A hundred years later an Act of Queen Elizabeth extended similar protection to the "drapers, cottoners, and friezers" of Shrewsbury. In 1701 the benefits of the Act were extended to the woollen, cotton, and iron trades, and throughout the reigns of the Georges measures were passed in the interest of lace-makers, cutlers, colliers, and various other trades. The existing Acts were consolidated and extended by an Act of William IV. The mischief, however, still prevailed. A select committee had reported on the hardships under which railway labourers suffered, and another in 1855, in the case of lace-makers. In 1842, payment of wages in public-houses was made illegal, and in 1860 an Act was passed for securing to miners and colliers the right to be paid in money by their immediate employer, at a specially appointed place. Further remedial legislation was, however, found to be necessary, and in 1870 a commission was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the operation of the Truck Acts. The commission consisted of Charles Bowen and A. Craig Sellar, Mr. (now Mr. Justice) R. S. Wright being secretary. Three harder workers probably never collaborated. The first sitting of the commission was at Hamilton,

August 29, 1870. Thirty-four sittings were held, 569 witnesses examined, 45,000 questions asked and answered. A large mass of evidence was collected as to the system in the principal iron and coal districts of Scotland, South Wales, and several English counties; in the hosiery trade of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire; the nail trade of Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire; the watch-movement manufacture of Prescot and other localities. The commissioners calculated that a population of half a million was dependent on works at which the truck system in some form or other prevailed. It was discovered incidentally that it existed in an exceptionally oppressive form in the Shetland Isles. The commissioners, in an interesting and elaborate Report, suggested various amendments of the law—increased penalties for its infringement—more efficient inspection—the inclusion of various other classes of workmen—above all, shorter intervals in the payment of wages. The Report effected the desired result; the publicity, which it gave to the truck system and its attendant evils, brought it practically to a close in all but a few unimportant instances. The great employers of labour, who had not been fully aware of the mischief that was at work, at once introduced

salutary reforms. Their reforming zeal received a wholesome stimulus from the discovery that breaches of the law involved serious pecuniary risks. In this state of things no fresh legislation was considered to be necessary, and the only material amendments of the law, subsequently effected, have been directed to extending the area of the statute's operation to all industrial undertakings.

In the winter of 1870, Bowen was appointed Recorder of Penzance, an office which, before long, the increase of his professional work rendered it necessary for him to resign.

In 1871 the Tichborne Claimant began to figure in the courts. This celebrated case occupied so important a place in Charles Bowen's early professional career, and involved such serious results to his health, that it may be interesting to recall the outline of the two great trials to which it gave rise, to explain the inordinate length to which the proceedings were protracted, and to show the excessive demands which, from their special character, they made on the powers, physical and mental, of the counsel engaged.

The proceedings began in an ejectment suit in Chancery on the part of the Claimant for the purpose of asserting his claim to the Tichborne

Estate, as heir of Sir John Tichborne, Bart., who died in 1862. It next came before the Court of Common Pleas in the shape of an issue, directed by the Court of Chancery, as to whether the plaintiff was, or was not, heir to Sir John Tichborne. Serjeant Ballantine was leader for the plaintiff; the Solicitor-General, Sir John (Lord) Coleridge, with Bowen as one of his juniors, conducted the defence. The trial of this issue began in June, 1871, and speedily attracted public attention, partly from the strange and romantic character of the plaintiff's story, partly from exertions of the plaintiff and his supporters to obtain notoriety. It was obvious from the outset that the inquiry would be a protracted one. The plaintiff's task would have daunted all but a sort of bulldog audacity, strongly reinforced by impudence. His case rested on improbabilities so gross that it seems strange that any one could have given it a moment's credence. For instance, an explanation had to be given of Sir Roger Tichborne's incomprehensible silence from the date of his disappearance after the foundering of the *Bella*, in 1854, to his production by his Australian *entrepreneurs* in 1865, and of the strange metamorphosis which, on the assumption of identity, had befallen him in physiognomy, style, habits, recollections, tastes,

language, education—in short, every physical, mental and moral characteristic.

The huge fabric of lies, of which the claimant's case consisted, had to be pieced together, as it could best be, with every scrap of evidence which could be collected for the purpose. Some of this was supplied by accomplices, who gave the plaintiff information as to the real Sir Roger Tichborne's earlier career, and so enabled him to impose on the credulity of other witnesses, who thereupon convinced themselves that they recognized in a coarse and obese ruffian the features of the slight, half-French gentleman of their recollections. The main case for the defence assumed a twofold aspect, one negative, viz. that the plaintiff was not Sir Roger Tichborne, the other positive, viz. that he was Arthur Orton, the son of a Wapping butcher. The case broke out, as it proceeded, into numerous ramifications, each of which extended almost indefinitely the area of the inquiry. For instance, one of the plaintiff's answers, like most of them, a reckless jump in the dark, involved a brutal imputation on the character of an honourable and spotless lady, which it became necessary to refute. At a late stage of the proceedings, again, it became necessary to send a commission to Australia

to test the truthfulness of the story of the alleged rescue of Roger Tichborne after the foundering of the *Bella*. It was the business of the counsel for the defendant to test at every point the soundness of each item of the plaintiff's story, to follow out every clue, to bring to light every inconsistency. For this purpose the smallest facts were as important as the biggest. If a contradiction could be shown between the details, it did not matter, for the purpose in hand, how minute those details were. There was not, probably, in the entire mass of the evidence a single fact which, except for the purposes of the trial, it would have been worth while for any human being to remember for five minutes. But for the purposes of the trial it was essential that every fact should be remembered with equal exactness, and should be in readiness to be produced at a moment's notice for the corroboration or contradiction of some other item of the story. When it is remembered that the plaintiff's case occupied many weeks in the telling, and many months in being pulled to pieces, it is easy to appreciate how enormous a strain it must have imposed on those whose business it was to remember, arrange, and co-ordinate the various pieces of this elaborately

tesselated structure, and to appreciate the ultimate result as to the truth or falsity of the whole. It was necessarily a prolonged operation. The plaintiff's cross-examination, for instance, lasted for twenty-two days. After the Long Vacation of 1871, the case was resumed in November. The examination and cross-examination of the witness Baigent, a connection of the family, son of a drawing-master at Winchester, who professed himself satisfied of the Claimant's identity and had been active in promoting his claim, lasted for thirteen days. It was not till the seventieth day of the hearing that Sergeant Ballantine concluded the plaintiff's case. The sittings were resumed on the 15th of January, 1872,* the Attorney-General's opening speech for the defendant lasting for a month. The absurdity of the claim became too patent to justify further investigation, and on the 4th of March the jury intimated that they did not stand in need of further evidence for the purpose of arriving at their verdict. After a few days' deliberation, Sergeant Ballantine, on the plaintiff's behalf, elected to be non-suited.

Thus, after lasting for a year, the plaintiff's claim

* Sir John Coleridge had been appointed Attorney-General in November, 1871.

collapsed. There remained the grave question of his criminal liability for the fiction which he had ventured to bring into court. The Court directed a prosecution for perjury, and on April 9, 1872, the Grand Jury found a true bill against the Claimant on an indictment for perjury, first, on his affidavits in Chancery, and next for his statements in the Court of Common Pleas. The trial was fixed for November. On November 23rd, the Attorney-General claimed to have a trial at Bar, a trial, that is, by jury with two or more judges sitting in bench—a form of proceeding provided by the English law for criminal trials of especial importance. In April, 1873, the trial commenced, before Chief Justice Cockburn and Justices Mellor and Lush. Hawkins, Q.C. (now Mr. Justice Hawkins), Sergeant Parry, Chapman Barber of the Equity Bar, J. C. (now Mr. Justice) Mathew, and Bowen were counsel for the prosecution. The counsel for the defence were Kenealy, Q.C., and MacMahon. The Claimant was charged with perjury in the proceedings in Chancery and in the civil action: (1) in asserting that he was Sir Roger Tichborne; and (2) in denying that he was Arthur Orton.

Mr. Hawkins, in his opening speech, traced

Roger Tichborne's career, his life at home and at Stoneyhurst; his attachment to his cousin; his departure for America; his arrival at Valparaiso in June, 1853; the sailing of the *Bella* from Rio, bound for New York, on her last fatal voyage in April, 1854; and, making good use of the ample material afforded by the Attorney-General's protracted cross-examination in the civil case, he called attention to the innumerable mistakes and lapses of memory into which the Claimant had been betrayed.

On the 21st of July, 1873, Dr. Kenealy began to open the case for the defence. His speech lasted till August 21st. The case for the accused was closed on October 27th. The trial was then adjourned in order to give time for the prosecution to secure evidence from South America and Australia, to meet a certain portion of the defendant's story which had come to light only in the later stages of the case.

On December 2nd, Dr. Kenealy began to sum up the evidence for the defence. He was still speaking when the year 1873 came to an end. He concluded on January 14, 1874, and the next day Hawkins, Q.C., began his reply upon the whole case. Popular feeling had now begun to

run high in favour of the Claimant, and Mr. Hawkins and Sergeant Parry had, on one occasion, to be protected by the police against the violence of a mob. Mr. Hawkins's reply was not concluded till January 28, 1874, and the following day the Chief Justice began his summing up of the case. His charge to the jury lasted for eighteen sittings, and the keen interest with which the case was followed by the public may be gathered from the fact that the report of the Judge's charge in the *Times* occupied no less than one hundred and eighty columns of that paper. On February 28th the case closed, having lasted through one hundred and eighty-eight sittings. The jury found the accused guilty, and Mellor, J., pronounced a sentence of seven years' imprisonment on each count of the indictment.

Thus, from the middle of 1871 till the end of February, 1874, the burthen of this great case was weighing upon Bowen's mind. He devoted to it the whole of his powers, intellectual and physical. His familiarity with every fact in it was complete. He used to say that he did not believe that there was a single fact in the evidence, of which he was not fully cognizant, and of which he was not prepared on the spur of the moment to give an immediate and correct account—a

preparedness which his leader frequently put to the test. During the civil action it became an open secret that the Attorney-General depended largely on his junior's acumen and industry. The mental strain was tremendous. The previous preparation of the case, the consideration of the bearing of each piece of evidence, given each day through weeks and months of examination and cross-examination, upon the rest of the story—the long hours—day after day of unremitting attention in the oppressive atmosphere of a crowded court—three years of work done at the highest possible level of excellence, and frequently at moments when physical ill health made all exertion dangerous—all this, no doubt, seriously undermined Bowen's constitution, and did his health irreparable injury.

Hard-worked as the junior counsel were, they found leisure to poke a little good-natured fun at one another, and to relieve the tedium of the trial by an occasional outburst of frivolity. The following Wordsworthian narrative is a skit of Charles Bowen's at the loss of fees which his friend, J. C. Mathew, was supposed to be sustaining through his absorption in the Tichborne Trial.

K

OLD MATHEW.

" Amid the case that never ends,
We sat and held a brief,
Mathew and I—a pair of friends,
And one a withered leaf.

" 'And, Mathew,' said I, 'let us talk,
Amidst this noisy scene,
Of the old days in King's Bench Walk,
When you and I were green.'

" 'My friend,' said Mathew, 'all is done—
A withered leaf am I ;
Last Guildhall sittings there were none
Left so completely dry.

" 'The serjeant in Red Lion Square
A modest pittance gleans ;
Hawkins and Barber do not care,
For they have ample means.

" 'But I, since first this case began,
Sit here for ever chained ;
No one consults me, and by none
Am I enough retained.

" 'My faithful clerk and I are short
Of cash ; he now foresees
A sad old age—some County Court
Far from the Common Pleas.'

" 'And if Guildhall be lost to you,
Dear Mathew, that will be,
Since Johnny Gray is just and true,
Considered in the fee.

" 'And, Mathew, on yon Bench,' I cried,
 'Thou yet shalt sit as Chief.'
 To this he gloomily replied,
 'I am a withered leaf.'

" Meanwhile, about us and afar,
 Again arose the storm :
 Kenealy and the Chief at war,
 Each in the best of form.

" Of virtue, science, letters, truth,
 They talked till all was blue ;
 Of Paul de Kock, the bane of youth,
 Of Banfield Moore Carew.

" If fools are oftener fat or thin ;
 Which first forget their tongue ;
 Why all tobacco, mixed with gin,
 Is poison to the young.

" And whether Fielding's better bred,
 Or Sterne—so full of fun ;
 Poor Mathew sighed and shook his head,
 'The Will of God be done.'"

The following supposed address by the Claimant, a " Baronet of the British Kingdom," to the leading Counsel for the Prosecution, also from Charles Bowen's pen, recalls pleasantly some of the humours of the trial.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. HAWKINS, Q.C., BY
 A. B. OF B. K.

" Though what you say of pore old Braine,
 Hawk'ns, have give me serous pain,
 Yet well she know, and i the same,
 Them as instructs you is to blame.

So, 'Awkins, if the crowd is cross
And anchor round to seise your hoss,
If Wicher cannot set you free,
Come in my Broom, and drive with me.

" I quite agree with what you say,
'Awkins, in Court the other day,
That pore Kenealy's sad disgrace
Ought not to pregudice my case ;
Bogle and i has always thought
He ain't a fought it as he ought ;
Why aggravate the Court and you,
When it's not nersessary to ?

" I lick the way you sets to work ;
Your highly paid, but does not shirk.
See how old Onslow catch it hot
About that pictur of the grot.
O, 'Awkins, had i had but you !
You knows what's what—and does it too.
Onslow and Whalley both may be——
'Awkins, you come and dine with me."

In 1872 Bowen was appointed, on Sir John Coleridge's nomination, Junior Counsel to the Treasury, professionally known as " Attorney-General's Devil," a post of much labour and responsibility, and regarded as a certain road to further professional achievement. Sir John Coleridge recognized the services which his junior had rendered to him in the Tichborne case and on other occasions, with generous and affectionate enthusiasm.

"Will you," he writes in March, 1872, "put the volumes I send herewith amongst your books for my sake? I am in some degree responsible for their publication, and they are dedicated to me. The copy is a large paper one, so it has at least the merit of rarity. But nothing I can give you can ever repay my debt to you, not only in this case (in which I desire to record the simple truth that you are the main author of the success we have had), but for many years past, during which you have been in all ways of unspeakable service to me, and during which my love and regard for you has deepened and strengthened day by day till it has become part of my nature, and can end only with my life.

"Your grateful and affectionate

"J. D. COLERIDGE."

Writing to Mrs. Bowen in April, 1872, Lord Coleridge says—

"I am very sorry Charlie does not get on faster; at the same time, considering the strain upon him, and the *superhuman* work he did for so long, and with such anxious feeling, I am half inclined to wonder sometimes he is no worse. Please God he will soon come round again. I am sure if I had worked half as hard as he did, or had cared as he did, I should have been dead long ago. Get him to be lazy and cold hearted, and you can't think how well he will be."

From 1872 forward till his appointment to a Judgeship in 1879, Charles Bowen was immersed

in his profession. He appeared on behalf of the Government in all important common-law and commercial cases, and his reputation was now so high as to render it an object with litigants to secure his services for cases in which individual interests were concerned. Some of these attracted much public attention, as, for instance, the prolonged inquiry into the Competence of the Arches Court of Canterbury to suspend Mr. Mackonochie *ab officio et beneficio*, the trial of Mr. Wilson for his views on the Inspiration of Scripture, and that of Mr. Voysey on a similar topic. His argument in *Julius v. The Bishop of Oxford* was the last, and perhaps the most brilliant, of his achievements at the Bar.

Of Bowen's method in the practice of his profession an interesting account is given by Mr. H. H. Cunynghame, now Under-Secretary at the Home Office, who was at one time—as also was Mr. Asquith—a pupil in Lord Bowen's chambers.

“Of all his characteristics perhaps none was more striking than the extraordinary pains he took over his work. His pleadings and opinions were revised again and again, and I believe that, if he had had a draft submitted to him every day of his life, he would have altered it every day in some particular. This habit was

due not only to the conscientious and anxious care he bestowed on whatever he did, but also to the acuteness of his critical judgment, which never could tolerate the smallest fault or even imperfection.

"To this thoroughness, as well as to the extraordinary subtlety of his intellect, he owed, I think, his success in those days. When I first joined his chambers, he recommended me to read Blackstone in the original edition, without the wholesale changes which have so marred the symmetry of that work. This recommendation was in pursuance of his favourite maxim, to rely on general principles in law, and take, as he used to express it, a bird's-eye view of a legal subject.

"Connected with this almost abnormal development of the critical faculty was his distrust of himself. He used, I really believe, to torment himself, even after his success was assured, with fears that he would find his chambers deserted, and get no more briefs. Every case he did, however trivial, absorbed his whole attention, and I am convinced that he often impaired his efforts in great cases, by the fatigue induced by his attention to small ones. 'Cases,' he said, 'are won at chambers;' and the pains he took, and the ingenuity he displayed in the preliminary steps of a case are inconceivable.

"It is difficult to decide whether or no he was an orator. If by an orator is meant one who can amuse or convince an intellectual audience, then few men had greater oratorical gifts. His keen sense of humour and taste for satire came out, not merely at the private dinner-table, but also on more public occasions. In court he was rarely very successful with juries, on account of the

great difficulty he felt in letting his mind run on the same line with theirs, or in understanding the views and mode of reasoning of an ordinary jurymen. But in court or at chambers, where the extraordinary originality of his reasoning found scope, he compelled attention, and his good humour, always ready on the slightest encouragement to break out into fun, lightened the heaviest proceedings.

"During a part of his career he certainly overworked his brain; but this, I suppose, is the inevitable fate of barristers of pre-eminent ability and of a highly and nervously organized temperament. But through all his work, his kindness of heart never flagged. He shrank, almost to a fault, from giving pain, and I am by no means sure that it would not often have been better for his pupils if we had had a sterner and even rougher master.

"Although no one would have placed Lord Bowen among the class of popular orators, it must by no means be thought he was incapable of making a good address on ordinary occasions. His addresses at the opening of the Truck Commission, and of the Featherstone Commission, are both models of a firm, judicious and conciliatory style.

"Those who knew him, believed that he had qualities far greater than those of a mere lawyer, and that, if his life had been spared, he would have played a part in the wider arena, to which he was called when he was made a peer, not less interesting and original than that which he played as a barrister and judge."

In 1875 the Bowens determined to have a

country home, to which they might send their children, and whither they might themselves repair in the holiday intervals of London life. They had, in 1872, purchased a cottage on Slaugham Common with this object, and they were now determined to migrate to Colwood, a pretty bit of Sussex between Cuckfield and Horsham, the scenery and quietness of which were greatly to the taste of both. Here much of their leisure time for the rest of Charles Bowen's life was spent. The change from London to a perfectly country scene was the best of medicaments for an overworked body and brain. In 1881 they partially rebuilt the house, on a scale better suited to the requirements of later life, and Lady Bowen's taste and care embellished it with lovely woodland. The place was congenial to them both. Its agreeableness was enhanced by the circumstance of their much-esteemed friends, the Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Bradley, choosing a country retreat in the same neighbourhood, an arrangement which allowed of a renewal of the intimacy of old Rugby days.

"During all last year," C. Bowen wrote to a friend in 1882, "my wife and I were building at our country house or cottage in Sussex—Colwood. We came to the conclusion that the air ^{was} so fine, and suited so well my

wife and the children, that it would be a pity to leave it. Accordingly at Colwood we settled. Last year we spent in building; this in catching cold in the rooms recently built; next year in furnishing and papering them; the year after in paying our bills—the order in which everybody proceeds who occupies a new house. This year, or the second of the series, we have spent our summer holidays at Colwood. Before doing so I went to Scotland to yacht, and in passing saw the Sellars. Do you remember Ardtornish, where you came to the conclusion that H. had a very frivolous set of friends? There it was, this summer, just the same, and Mrs. Sellar waving her handkerchief out of the window to the Sound of Mull.”

Bowen's busy professional life at the Bar and on the Bench left but little leisure or opportunity for speaking on non-professional subjects. Nor did his genius play at ease in its natural element at the commonplace level of after-dinner oratory. On a congenial occasion, however, he could speak with brilliancy and effect. At Oxford, for instance, in the hall of his old college and in the company of his old companions, he was at his very best. In 1877 a great festival was held at Balliol on the occasion of the opening of the new hall: Bowen was called upon at a very late period of the festivities to return thanks, on behalf of the fellows and scholars of the college, for a toast proposed in

their honour. Such a theme inspired him. Writing of this, Sir M. E. Grant Duff says—

“In January, 1877, I saw him obtain a real triumph. It was at the opening of the new hall of Balliol. The Master presided, and spoke admirably, so did the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Stanley, Coleridge, and several others. It was the very best after-dinner speaking to which I ever listened, but there was a great deal of it ; and when Bowen rose in the body of the room to make the last speech, somewhere about midnight, he had, assuredly, no easy task. So well, however, did he play his part that, in a very few moments, the jaded audience was laughing with him, and felt, when he ended, that the gathering had received from him the final touch which made it perfect.”

The speech abounds in characteristic touches of seriousness, sentiment, and wit.

“I well remember the first time in my life that I ever received a letter from a great man. I had gone back to school, fresh from the fever of a Balliol examination, and two days later one, whose distinguished literary genius, whose fearless courage, and generous devotion to his friends have made his name a household word throughout the land, wrote to congratulate an unknown schoolboy on having been elected to a Balliol scholarship. It would be impossible to forget the words in which he described his own pride and pleasure in former times at having been elected a Balliol scholar, or how he dwelt on the golden opportunity afforded to those who are fortunate enough to join so noble a company. And it

was a strange chance when I found on entering this room—for the Master of Balliol, with the forgetfulness of genius, had omitted to tell me that I had to make a speech to-night—it was a strange chance by which I have found myself chosen in the name of the Fellows and Scholars of the present and the past to acknowledge a toast given in their honour by the writer of my first letter from a great man. Is there any one in this hall who believes it to be an easy task to stand here and speak in the name of the Fellows and Scholars of Balliol past and present? I will not allude to the historic past, on which the Dean of Westminster has dwelt. I prefer to speak of the Fellows of Balliol as my contemporaries, and as I knew them when we entered on our Oxford course. There was Jowett, the first tutor of the college, to whom, at the risk of offending his delicacy, I cannot refrain on an occasion such as this from openly acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude I and many others must always owe him. There was Woolcomb, the most courteous of Oxford tutors; Walrond, the modern Hercules, whose choice was always the choice of virtue; Lonsdale, absent in body to-night, but never absent from the recollection of those who experienced his kindness. There was Palmer, the best of friends; Riddell, whose life was all that is beautiful and good, the Sir Galahad of Oxford; Henry Smith, greater than Janus, whose gates face three ways, towards classics, mathematics, and philosophy. And next to the Fellows there were the Scholars. The memories of great names had descended to us at the Scholars' Table. Matthew Arnold, the shy student of the Thames, who has always been of the

company of the poets; Lord Coleridge, the worthy inheritor of a name dear to Oxford; Grant, the lucid interpreter of the greatest of ancient philosophers, of whom I was once a barren pupil. Holden and Hornby and Bradby, Fremantle, and Henry Oxenham, the glory of the Oxford Union, rivalled only by my friend George Brodrick. I cannot say with what delight I have found myself placed here between two brother-members, more distinguished than myself, of my old boat, behind whom I rowed when, under the guidance of Walter Morrison for the last time in many years, Balliol was head of the river. I recollect a famous passage in Chateaubriand where he describes his feelings on revisiting Venice in later life. He had seen her in his youth, and he saw her again when he was old. In one sense she was still the same Venice, still St. Mark's with its cupolas and its piazzas, still the Rialto, still the blue lagoons—and yet it was no longer the old Venice. Something in its glory had departed; and, reflecting on the loss, at last he came sadly to the conclusion that the wind which blows upon an older head blows no longer from a happy shore. The associations of travel fade; but the associations of our school and our University never alter. Venice may change, but Oxford and Balliol are still the same; and standing here to-night, I desire to express our deep recognition of the fortune that has enabled us to assemble once more within the shadows of our college walls, to refresh ourselves here in memory, the only fountain of perpetual youth, and once again, if only for an evening, to dream that we are young.”

In the autumn of 1878 Charles Bowen's health

broke down too completely to allow of any attempt to struggle on without a break. It was obvious that nothing but a complete change of life and scene would suffice to restore him. He started, accordingly, on a protracted tour. He went, in the first instance, to Stockholm, and thence travelled on to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, and ultimately, Constantinople. His letters to his wife from each place give detailed and picturesque accounts of his experiences; but they were intended for a wife's eye alone, and it is better not to quote them. There is perceptible throughout a painful tone of exhaustion. He was evidently so prostrate with fatigue that the question of getting through the light labours of his tour was sometimes oppressive.

THE BENCH.

IN the following year an opportunity of relief presented itself. On the retirement of Mr. Justice Mellor, a Judgeship in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court was offered to Charles Bowen. After some hesitation and misgivings, he determined to accept it. The decision was, in some senses, a death-blow to his hopes—his dreams of ambition. It closed the door finally on the possibility of a Parliamentary career. It forced him to acknowledge to himself—what he was always anxious to ignore—that health must be a dominant factor in his scheme of life, and that his failing physical powers made a continuance of the sort of life he had led for some years past impossible. The change, though it brought a welcome and salutary close to intellectual toil for which Bowen's strength had become wholly inadequate, was not without its drawbacks. The transition from the excitement of advocacy, and

from the participation in a succession of important and interesting cases to the uneventful tranquillity of the Bench, produced a painful reaction. Bowen had not been in a great practice long enough to lose a zest for it. He quitted it with regret, and with a sense of a tyrannous necessity, which overrode his fondest wishes; and he came to his new duties, unfortunately, without any such interval of rest as would have restored his enfeebled powers, and enabled him to start on the new chapter of his career with cheerfulness and satisfaction. He sank into great depression of spirits. As the first sensation of relief passed away, the surrender of ambitious hopes left a sense of disappointment. Nor were the duties of his new post sufficiently congenial to reconcile him to the change. The functions of a Judge, sitting at Nisi Prius, are not of the character for which Charles Bowen's faculties and temperament were especially suited. His mind was too rare, too subtle, too conscious of nice distinctions and refinements to make it easy for him to range himself on a level with the average Common Jurymen, and to put an argument in the way which he would find most lucid and convincing. It is probable that both Judge and Jury were conscious of the wide interval which separated them.

The anxieties of his first Circuit as a Judge were enhanced, at one Assize Town, by the disappearance of the High Sheriff, who, unconscious of his importance as chief representative of the legal executive, had the temerity to absent himself, for a Sunday's repose, from the scene of his responsibilities. The defaulter was, fortunately, recovered before his services became in request, and Bowen, not quite knowing in what terms such an irregularity should be rebuked, solved the difficulty by solemnly informing the truant official that he should leave to his own conscience to depict the enormity of his offence.

In the autumn of 1880 the Bowens took a house at Llantysilio, near Llangollen, in North Wales, in the hope that the change of scene and air might be beneficial; but the experiment was not altogether successful. Bowen's habitual gaiety was overclouded; his general condition remained unsatisfactory, his health wavering and uncertain; he was restless and melancholy. The friends who visited him in Wales were painfully impressed with the feeling that something was amiss. In the late autumn, when on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart (now Lord) Rendel, he had a very serious attack of illness. As to this Jowett writes, October 16, 1880, a letter of encouragement.

L

"I am very sorry," he says, "to hear that you are unwell, though, to say the truth, I am not very much surprised at it. For I thought, when I was with you, that you had a great load of overwork from which to recover, and you must expect during the next two years a good deal of oscillation of mind and nerves, before you can regain a firm or settled state.

"I hope that you will be very quiet and sleepy, and discharge your mind of care and anxiety. This sort of philosophy or religion is a discipline which I think that we can impress upon ourselves. You have, in all probability, thirty years of life before you, and can very well spare two of them for the recovery of health."

In one sense the change of life was altogether welcome. It promised the opportunity of renewing friendships for which the stress of professional work had left hardly any leisure. In replying to his old friend, the Warden of Merton, who had written to congratulate him on his appointment, Charles Bowen dwells on this pleasant prospect.

"I have always had to thank you for so much and such generous friendship that another piece of thanks does not add much to my obligation, though your letter added greatly to my pleasure.

"I do not seriously believe that many men could have gone through the physical fatigue I have for nearly ten years. I know *you* could not have done it; and, if a Judgeship comes at the end of it, I don't say that the honour is less appreciable; but the price paid has been heavy.

"I do delight to think that I shall get back to my old friends, I hope, after my long exile, and that, of all, you and I will meet much oftener, and live more together.

"Thank you so much. I am now, as always,

"Your grateful and affectionate friend,

"C. B."

With reference to his appointment to a Judgeship, Bowen writes to his old friend J. C., now Mr. Justice Mathew, a graceful letter, veiling under playfulness the desire to apologize to a competitor, whom for the moment he was leaving behind him in the race. The first paragraph refers to the religious parties which a late Lord Chancellor was in the habit of giving, and which—so ran the joke—aspiring barristers attended with a view to professional advancement.

"MY DEAR J. C.,

"Thanks for your kind letter. My religious character, I believe, was what ultimately brought the Judgeship down. Perhaps you are not aware *where* or *how* I spent last Sunday.

"Did you observe I had disappeared?

"Where was I?

"Echo pauses for a reply. I am afraid I am beginning to mix my metaphors, so I (like echo) pause.

"My dear J. C., I know, and the profession knows, that you are twenty times as fit to be a Judge as anybody

at the Bar ; and I can only feel what an advantage it is to be the A.-G.'s devil.

“ I am always

“ Yours faithfully,

“ CHARLES BOWEN.”

In June, 1882, Charles Bowen was appointed, in succession to Lord Justice Holker, a member of the Court of Appeal. Here he found himself in a congenial sphere, and engaged in the sort of work for which his intellectual constitution and previous training had pre-eminently qualified him.

“ It is upon his work there,” * says Lord Davey, “ that his judicial reputation will rest. Law, to Bowen, was not a mere collection of rules, but was the embodiment of the conscience of the nation. He recognized the duty of endeavouring to apply legal doctrines so as to meet, in his own words, the broadening requirements of a growing country and gradual illumination of the public conscience. He was, therefore, the master, and not the servant, of his knowledge. It might seem exaggerated if one said that he combined the breadth of Lord Mansfield with the accuracy of Lord Wensleydale ; but it would give an idea of the truth. Lord Bowen will be remembered among the great judges who steered the ship in the transition from the old system to the new.”

It was natural that a temperament and intellect of this order should feel but scanty regard for

* *Law Quarterly Review*, July, 1894.

legal technicalities in comparison with the intrinsic merits of the case. A famous English Judge is reported to have observed complacently that a plaintiff, who had been ruined by suing "in trespass," might have succeeded if he had sued "on the case," but that, if trespass and case ever came to be confounded, there would be an end of English jurisprudence. Bowen's view of the value of legal formalities was the very opposite of this.

"Indeed," says Lord Davey, "a Judge of his clearness of vision and accurate habits of thought could safely dispense with the aid of pleadings. Lord Bowen, in his anxiety that justice should be done, was indulgent—some of his colleagues thought, over-indulgent—to slips of practice and mistakes. He would never let a client suffer, if he could help it, from the ignorance or carelessness of his advisers, or even his own obstinacy. One who sat with him for many years speaks of the extent to which he would 'let a blundering or obstinate litigant turn round and restate his case, or get his case tried, or do whatever he wanted.' 'It arose,' he said, 'from his great fear lest the litigant should not, in the end, get whatever was his right in the beginning.' 'It may be asserted,' says Bowen, in 1887, 'without fear of contradiction, that it is not possible in the year 1887 for an honest client in the Supreme Court to be defeated by any mere technicality, by any mistaken step in his litigation.' Some readers will, perhaps, think this boast a little rose-coloured."

It is, at any rate, the boast of a mind wholly free from that subservience to technicalities which has cramped so many otherwise fine judicial intellects, and has at times made the procedure of English Courts more like some intricate and bewildering game than a contrivance for finding out the truth and administering justice.

Lord Justice Fry, one of the most intimate of C. Bowen's friends on the Bench, and a colleague who probably saw more of his work from day to day than any other, has summed up his estimate of his judicial character in the following appreciative sketch, which, with his permission, I transfer from the article in which it first appeared.

"What impressed me almost most of all about him was his intense sense of duty in the discharge of his office. Both intellectually and morally he was keenly sensitive to anything which appeared to him like the enunciation of bad law, or still more to anything like the slightest miscarriage of justice. Either of these things seemed to inflict a personal—almost a physical—wound on him: and the pains which he took both to do his own part in the administration of justice to the very best of his great abilities, and, so far as he could, to secure the very best working of the machinery of the law, were infinite. He never wearied of investigating or discussing a point so long as he thought that anything remained to be got at—or that there was any hope of bringing about an

agreement of opinion amongst colleagues who were inclining to differ: and anything like a suggestion to him that he was worrying himself more than was necessary he always gravely put aside. I doubt whether those who listened to or read his brilliant judgments would have the least notion of how much thought and persistent effort he had given to them: and the extreme rapidity of his intellectual operations made this all the more remarkable to those who by daily intercourse saw 'the very pulse of the machine.' If Bowen had any personal ambition, it was entirely subordinated by him to the sense of duty to which I have referred—so completely that I do not believe that it was an efficient principle to any extent in his actions or his thoughts. Furthermore, I do not believe that he had any vanity. It is a very common characteristic of men of great abilities; but I never detected a trace of it in him."

Lord Justice Fry has been good enough to supplement the foregoing summary by a more detailed description.

"When Bowen became a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, a friendship began between us and our families; and after I followed him, by about a year, into the Court of Appeal, my intercourse with him was constant. We often sat in the same Court, and for years may almost be said to have worked shoulder to shoulder. In the last note I had from him he described himself as a horse who had lost his stable-companion (by my retirement from the Bench).

"In the moral qualities which befit a Judge he was, I think, perfect. I have already endeavoured to express

in a passage which you know what most struck me about him in that respect ; nor do I know that I can add much to it.

"Intellectually his very excellences were, to some extent, defects, and they were his only defects. The rapidity and subtlety of his mind were so greatly in excess of these qualities in most men, and even of most able men, that they sometimes produced want of harmony in the positions of his mind and of those of the others, whether Judges or Counsel, who were engaged in the discussion ; and sometimes his most brilliant judgments were, I believe, hardly appreciated by those who heard them. The rapidity of his mental operations, the suddenness with which he grasped the facts and arguments of a case, were surprising. If as of course sometimes happened, he had made some omission or error in his apprehension of the case, he was equally rapid in his appreciation of the least suggestion of his error, and in the rearrangement of the whole subject in his mind. It was just the same in a game ; he saw, as it were intuitively, the whole position of the board and the relations of the pieces ; and I have heard it said that if he were present on any occasion, when some speech or event caused general amusement, a distinct interval of time could be perceived between the first ripples from Bowen and the general roar of laughter. The result of this great rapidity was that the advocate opening a case was often outrun by his hearer ; and that, whilst he was laying the foundations of his argument, Bowen was engaged in the critical examination of the details of the ornaments of the top story. So, too, with regard to the

subtlety of his mind. Details, distinctions, which seemed to most minds subtle, refined, microscopic, appeared, I believe, to his mental eye to stand out broad and clear as the strong features of the matter. What seemed molecular to most minds seemed massive to him; and this was not without its drawbacks in a world where law is concerned with the common affairs of common men; and I believe that it made him less successful in addressing juries both from the Bar and from the Bench than many men of lesser intellects.

"He held the highest possible views of the duties of the judicial office, and he was very jealous of the independence of the individual Judge; very unwilling to lay down or allow the laying down of any rules of practice which should fetter the discretion or limit the power or responsibility of each man in the discharge of that high office.

"It is impossible to think of Bowen in connection with the Bench without recalling some of those delightfully humorous accounts which he sometimes gave of his sufferings there. One speech at a Middle Temple dinner, in which he described his labours in the search after 'an equity,' and illustrated it by a story about Confucius and his disciples, must, I think, survive in the memory of most of his hearers.

"Bowen was not incapable of just anger. No man of a high and noble nature, such as his, could possibly be so; and he was acutely wounded by anything which he thought to be deliberate unkindness towards himself or others. But of sharpness or unkindness he was as incapable as of stupidity; and I can hardly recall that I ever heard an impatient word from his lips upon the Bench.

"To me the recollection of the days in which he and I worked together in the duties of our office—lightened as they were to me by his constant kindness, as well as by the aid of his great powers—will ever remain one of the brightest of my life. But even to the casual observer it must have been apparent that he

‘Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office,’

that his loss to the country is no ordinary one."

Another of his colleagues, Mr. Justice Mathew, whose friendship dated from the days when they were both wandering in the cold shades of brieflessness, bears a similar testimony.

"My acquaintance with Bowen," he writes, "began after his call. He had been ill, and had returned to work somewhat anxious and despondent. Coleridge, who was an early friend, and had a great admiration for him, cheered him with an offer to share his chambers. This helped to make him known, and Coleridge, who was most faithful to those he liked, was constant and confident in predictions, the speedy fulfilment of which he was enabled in some measure to secure.

"Bowen's first appearance in Court was not successful. He was most graciously received in the Queen's Bench by Cockburn, who had heard of him. Many of us, as Juniors, had learned 'to trace the day's disasters in the morning face' of the C. J.; but he beamed upon Bowen. Alas! a weak voice and a delivery hesitating and somewhat over-refined for the rough and rapid work of the Bar,

annoyed the great man, and he ceased to listen. Bowen had to bear the disappointment, with which most of us have started; but the incident did not occur again. Those who succeed and those who don't, as a general rule, fail only once.

"We became intimate friends. He soon got into business, and we were often opposed to each other. He was strenuous and adroit in controversy, but he was always considerate, and never forgot that his adversary was a comrade and a learned friend. Through his whole career at the Bar and on the Bench he remained the same. Time had not hurt him. He was always kindly, bright and youthful, ready to discuss any subject, literary, political, or professional. Even when he chose to be frivolous he could be intellectual; and his peculiar humour played about and brightened all he said. He was altogether free from affectation, and never was there a mind clearer of cant. With a certain dignity that the consciousness of his power gave him, he was never dictatorial or self-important; and he could listen, sometimes under trying circumstances, without the slightest appearance of effort. Commonplace people enjoyed his society as much as those of his own scholarly kind. His courtesy made them for the time his equals.

"While he was at the Bar, and, afterwards, on the Bench, he was in the habit of discussing with great eagerness the cases that came before him. He called in a friend, less to assist him with advice than to arbitrate between the conflicting views, which were presented by him with extraordinary subtlety and minuteness. He explored every corner and cranny of the evidence, and

turned over every small fact with unwearied curiosity, lest anything should escape him which might afford a clue to the right conclusion. He was not often wrong.

"He was sensitive to a fault, as are so many of the highly trained Oxford men—as, notably, was Newman. A strong opinion in confident language ruffled him; an incautious phrase wounded him. A slight uneasiness of manner, or a short interval of silence, showed that something had gone wrong, and had to be set right. He was as sensitive for others as for himself, and I have more than once heard him offer a prolonged and embarrassing explanation to some solemn colleague or grave divine, of something he had said that he thought might not have been liked.

"His humour was his own, and was most difficult of description. Something sparkling and original might always be counted upon. His manner never foreshadowed the good thing coming. His melancholy air diverted all suspicion. But a certain cheerful gleam of his eye, and a kindly smile that hovered about his lips, rescued many an excellent jest from the peril of being overlooked.

"He was the most loyal and generous of friends. Looking back over many years, I have known few upon whom Heaven conferred so much genius, so benevolent a disposition, and so manly a character. In his fidelity to all the charities of life, great and small, there never was a better Christian.

"He was strongly Liberal in his opinions, and the profession is largely indebted to him for reforms in the law, and for a better system of legal education. Many of the Resolutions of the Judges on the subject of

procedure were prepared by him; and his colleagues were much influenced by his advice in the proposal for the creation of a Court for the revision of sentences—a reform not likely to be carried in these timid times, but with the necessity for which he was profoundly impressed.”

One of Lord Bowen's colleagues in the Court of Appeal referred to him, at the time of his death, as having “given us perfect essays, in the form of his judgments, which can be handed down to our successors as models of absolute perfection.” Lord Davey, in the article from which I have already quoted, mentions several occasions which afforded room for this artistic completeness of treatment, and for the research, subtlety of thought, thorough mastery, luminous exposition, and courageous application of great principles to the facts and business of life, which gave Lord Bowen's judgments their special character. In one of these,* he deals with what is known to lawyers as the “right to support” (*i.e.* of one of two contiguous buildings to support by the other), and explains how the assumption of a lawful origin of the enjoyment, on which such claims are based, had been narrowed by the distinction so long drawn in our Courts between law and equity; and goes on to point out that “at the

* *Angus v. Dalton*, L. R. 3 Q. B. D. 85.

present date, when law and equity are fused, the proposition should be recast in a more liberal form, viz. that the law will presume any *lawful*, and not merely any *legal* origin, consistent with the facts of the case : " a proposition from which it resulted that "it would not now be sufficient to disprove a legal origin unless the possibility of an equitable origin were disproved as well." In another judgment,* this same breadth of view and courage in expounding the law so as to meet the altered circumstances of society, are equally conspicuous. In this case a manufacturer of a particular class of guns and ammunition had transferred his business to a company, and had undertaken not to compete with it so long as the business continued to flourish in the company's hands. The question arose whether the undertaking not to compete was invalid, as being a "contract in restraint of trade," such as the policy of English law discountenances. According to the old common law, a contract of this nature, except within certain jealously prescribed limits, was regarded as an unwholesome interference with personal freedom in a matter in which it was, on public grounds, expedient that every man should

* *The Maxim Nordenfelt Guns and Ammunition Company v. Nordenfelt*, L. R. 1 Chanc. 630.

be as free as possible. No such contract, accordingly, could be enforced, and the person who had made the contract was at liberty to treat it as a nullity. In the present instance, however, the contract extended practically to the whole of Europe. It became necessary, accordingly, to decide in what manner and subject to what limitations the old common-law doctrine should be applied to modern modes and conditions of business. After tracing the common-law doctrine from its origin, and the course of judicial decisions, Lord Bowen went on to show how the present conditions of the civilized world justify and, indeed, necessitate a far wider definition of the policy of the English law than that which adequately served the purposes of an earlier and more rudimentary condition of society.

“ A covenant in restraint of trade made by such a person as the defendant with a company, which he really assists in creating, to take over his trade, differs widely from the covenants made in the days of Queen Elizabeth by the traders and merchants of the then English towns and country places. When we turn from the homely usages, out of which the doctrine of *Mitchel v. Reynolds* sprang, to the central trade of the few great undertakings which supply war material to the executives of the world, we appear to pass into a different atmosphere from that of

Mitchel v. Reynolds. To apply to such transactions as the present the rule that was invented centuries ago in order to discourage the oppression of English traders, and to prevent monopolies in this country, seems to be the bringing into play of an old-fashioned instrument. In regard, indeed, of all industry, a great change has taken place in England. Railways and steamships, postal communication, telegraphs, and advertisements, have centralized business and altered the entire aspect of local restraints on trade. The ancient rules, however, still exist; it is desirable that they should be understood to remain in force; but great care is evidently necessary not to force them upon transactions which, if the meaning of the rule is to be observed, ought really to be exceptions."

* * * * *

"Can it then be said that a contract by which he consents to the transfer of the business of making guns and ammunition for foreign lands to an English company, with whom he undertakes not to compete so long as the old trade is flourishing in their hands, is against the policy of English law? So to hold would surely be to reduce to an absurdity the law of restraint of trade. I answer the question in the words of Lord Nottingham in the Duke of Norfolk's case: 'Pray let us so resolve cases here, that they may stand with the reason of mankind, when they are debated abroad.'"

In another case,* the question to be decided was whether the conduct of certain shipowners, engaged

* *The Moghul Steamship Company v. McGregor*, L. R. 23 Q. B. D. 598.

in the China Sea Trade—who had combined to take away the business of the plaintiff by “smashing” freights and offering other advantages to shippers in consideration of their agreeing not to employ the plaintiff’s vessels—amounted to an illegal conspiracy, and justified a claim for damages. Lord Bowen’s judgment laid down with emphasis the doctrine that it did not.

“The substance of my view,” he said, in summarizing his judgment, “is that competition, however severe and egotistical, if unattended by circumstances of dishonesty, intimidation, molestation, or such illegalities as I have above referred to, gives rise to no cause of action at common law. I should deem it a misfortune if we were to attempt to prescribe to the business-world how honest and peaceable trade was to be carried on in a case where no such illegal elements as I have mentioned exist, or were to adopt some standard of judicial ‘reasonableness’ or of ‘normal prices’ or ‘fair freights’ to which commercial adventurers, otherwise innocent, were bound to conform.”

Judicial pronouncements are among the forms of literary produce which will least easily bear transplantation from their native soil, and of which it is least easy to give any adequate account in a form and within limits suitable for non-professional readers. They must be read with their surroundings, and their surroundings are, for the most part,

M

more than the unfee'd industry of the layman has the courage to confront. The cases mentioned may, perhaps, convey some idea of Lord Bowen's general mental attitude and method on the Bench. I will add but one other quotation from a case * in which he was dealing with a subject which of late years has become of increasing interest in the Courts—the evidence of scientific experts, and the degree in which judicial tribunals should be guided by it.

“If we are to act in the present instance, we must fall back upon the opinions of experts, and I wish emphatically to state my view, that in a matter like the present, so far from thinking the opinions of experts unsatisfactory, it is to the opinion of experts that I myself should turn with the utmost confidence and faith. Courts of Law and Courts of Justice are not fit places for the exercise of the inductive logic of science. Life is short; it is impossible to place endless time at the disposal of litigants; and the laws of evidence are based upon this very impossibility of prolonging enquiries to endless length. There is hardly a scientific theory in the world which, if we were to examine into it in Law Courts, might not take year after year of the whole time of a tribunal. Supposing, for a moment, one had brought in question the circular theory of storms, and were to propose before a tribunal like this to examine it, not by reference to the opinions of the most experienced persons who have made it a subject of study and investigation,

* *Fleet v. The Managers of the Metropolitan Asylums District*, 2nd March, 1886.

but to enquire ourselves into all the special circumstances of storms, with which witnesses could favour us, who had crossed the Atlantic or the Eastern Seas in order to form our opinion, assisted, no doubt, by scientific men, as to the circular theory of storms, with all the qualifications which might be adopted, and with all the definitions in which it might be embodied. Take another instance of a law which is very far from likely to be accepted by science, but most probably would be rejected as pure theory, and as utterly beyond reason. I believe there are many persons in India who endeavour to connect the existence of famine raging over tracts of country with spots on the sun. Supposing that theory were brought up in an English Court of Law, we should be bound to embark on an endless enquiry into all the instances in which spots on the sun had been found to be coincident with famines in India. The truth is, when you are dealing with scientific theories, it is hopeless for Courts of Law to do more than to take the evidence of the scientific men, subject, no doubt, to cross-examination, which may or may not condescend to particular instances, which may be brought home to them to show, if it exists, the uncertainty of the grounds upon which their opinions are founded. The result of the admission of this evidence, assuming it, as I do, to be admissible, has been, in my judgment, to show that the endeavour to utilise such evidence launches us upon an enquiry fit only for the leisure of learned and scientific men, but for which the jury system and the judicial system are probably inadequate."

It is to be regretted that Bowen should not have enriched the legal literature of his country

by any standard work. No one certainly of our day was more qualified to raise any topic out of the dreary level of text-books and reports, to free it from the tangled and bewildering undergrowth of technicalities, and to view law from the dignified standpoint of philosophy.

Bowen's training in the Oxford schools, his speculative turn of mind, his faculty of analysis, his subtlety of thought, all tended to qualify him in the highest degree for handling the subject with the grasp and weight necessary to a philosophic treatise. But his taste strongly disinclined him from any such attempt. He seems to have felt no ambition for, scarcely any belief in, literary success in this direction.

"Is it worth having?" he says in a letter to one of his friends; "I think life is very well worth living. I have no cynical views about it; but I do not think so very many things are worth having. Especially does the desire to attain immortality by writing a book on English law seem to me a doubtful passion. You write a history of the law, or a treatise about it, and then a puff of reform comes and alters it all, and makes your history or treatise useless. If I were at all able or disposed to write, I am sure that literary art lives longer than mere literary bricks and mortar. Poetry lives as long as most prose; but, of all prose, a book on English law strikes me as least readable, and most certain to expire by an early death."

However little disposed to engage personally in the scientific treatment of law, Charles Bowen was as far as possible removed from the school of thought which questions the existence of legal science, or, at any rate, its expediency. In January, 1884, he presided at the annual meeting of the Birmingham Law Students' Society, and took the opportunity of enforcing the view—which he himself, an admiring student of Sir H. Maine, held strongly—of the value of the historical method as applied to the study of the Law. He drew a vivid picture of the “dismal, boundless, unknown land” which presents itself to the pilgrim steps of the law student.

“Is it possible,” he asked, “to introduce a gleam of sunshine and to furnish a silver thread to guide the law student through the tangled labyrinth of a law library? Wanted, then, a method of studying the law pleasantly. Now, I believe that there exists such a method, absolutely scientific, full of interest, capable of satisfying the finest intellect, because it affords a scope for every power. Law is the application of certain rules to a subject-matter which is constantly shifting. What is it? English life! English business! England in movement, advancing from a continuous past to a continuous future. National life, national business, like every other product of human intelligence and culture, is a growth—begins far away in the dim past, advances slowly, shaping and forming itself by the operation of purely natural causes.”

To this changing subject-matter the rules of law have to be applied—some, mere rules of common sense, fair play and business convenience; some, specific enactments designed for special cases—but all gradually changing, undergoing an evolution, moving as human intelligence moves, “and taking a colour, form, and elasticity from the nature of transactions to which they are applied.”

“The chief difficulty is not so much to discover the principles as to learn how they should be applied. To do this the student has to look for the elements of his art in successive strata, or layers, of authorities, documents, and judicial decisions, each of which is the product of its own particular time, and requires to be studied with reference to it.”

From this it follows that the only reasonable, the only satisfactory, way of dealing with law is to bring to bear upon it the historical method.

“Mere legal terminology may seem to you a dead thing. Mix history with it, and it clothes itself with life. You have not even to travel far to find the history to mix. Look for it in the legal material itself; and the history, like water in a fertile soil, is ready there at hand, and will well up into a spring. There before your very eyes, in the fragmentary decisions of the Law Courts, and in the glossaries of Commentators, you will see consecutive chapters of the narrative of the progress of the human race.”

To a possible objection that such a view only proved how impossible it is to be a lawyer, Bowen explained that he was not putting forward any Utopian scheme for mastering all law at once, but a mode of arranging such knowledge as we can acquire.

"English law can not be learned in a day. Yet there is all the difference between attacking the study of it on no method at all, and attacking it upon a method which strews flowers over the student's path as he pursues his pilgrimage."

Such a method gives new meaning to all the busy processes of life which the student sees around him, in every direction of human enterprise.

"A study of law so executed will become one full of interest. Its effect will be to make that study a living thing, to put life into dead bones, to illuminate with sunshine dusty books. I am astonished when I hear at times the suggestion that our profession must be dull. The truer view would be that our work is inordinately engrossing. Time runs by the lawyer far too like the race in a mill-stream. . . . Is the occupation narrowing to the mind? Can it ever narrow the mind to learn to perfection the story of human life? Will it tend to narrow, or to enlarge the mind to construct for ourselves, in a connected form, the knowledge of human life, as Englishmen have pursued it since the memory of English justice? Science or Art, I care not which it be that challenges us,

I unhesitatingly aver that, followed on the lines I have endeavoured to sketch out, there is not a study in the world more exact, more liberal, more elevating."

In this connection a more than personal interest attaches to a letter which, some years later, Bowen wrote to his friend, the Dean of Wells, with reference to the choice of a profession for the Dean's son, in whom, as a godson, Bowen felt an especial interest.

"As for the law, it is of no use following it, unless you *acquire* a passion for it. He may not have one *now* for it. That is unimportant. I have known men develop a fondness for it, who never would have dreamed it possible that they ever could like it. But a passion in the end is necessary if he is to succeed. I don't mean a passion for its archaisms, or for books, or for conveyancing; but a passion for the way business is done, a liking to be in Court and watch the contest, a passion to know which side is right, how a point ought to be decided. This kind of 'professional' passion, as distinct from 'student' passion, is necessary."

It is probable that the development, to which Lord Bowen refers, had taken place in his own case, for it is certain that at one time he felt so little passion for his profession that it needed some fortitude not to abandon it. On his return from Norway in 1865, in the course of a Sunday walk

with the Dean of Wells, he confided to him, "I simply hate law;" adding, however, "a man may be a fool to choose a profession, but he must be an idiot to give it up."

Bowen's sense of the dignity and scope of law made itself apparent in his zealous support of every scheme for improving the constitution and procedure of the Courts, by which it is to be expounded and enforced. No Judge devoted himself with more assiduity to this branch of his duties.

In the January number for 1886 of the *Law Quarterly Review*, C. Bowen published an Essay, in which he described the effects of the changes which had been of late effected in the structure and procedure of the Law Courts, and called attention to various points peculiar to the development of the new system which seemed to claim special consideration. The supersession of the historic Courts of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Exchequer Chamber by a Supreme Court of Judicature, was, no doubt, a wise and necessary reform; but it would, the writer urges, "be a mistake to undervalue the merits of the machinery that we have abandoned, or to suppose that the superior machinery, which has been substituted, is free from its own elements of weakness." The

defects of the former system had, no doubt, been remedied by recent reforms ; but those very reforms had, in their turn, produced evils which required to be rectified or to be watched. One of the points incidental to the new *régime*, which called for consideration, was the serious accumulation of arrears in the Chancery and Queen's Bench Divisions. The state of the cause-list in the Queen's Bench in 1885 made it obvious that either the number of Judges must be increased, or that measures should be devised for a more rapid administration of justice. The arrears in the Chancery Division were still more serious. The discussion as to the most expedient manner of meeting the difficulty is, necessarily, of a highly technical character, and scarcely interesting except to those practically conversant with the subject. The article, however, is valuable as an excellent specimen of the conscientious thoroughness with which Bowen thought out every detail of a tiresome controversy, and of the zeal with which he elaborated every available means of rendering the administration of justice as efficient as possible.

Two other contributions of a like character may here conveniently be mentioned. In 1887 Mr. Humphrey Ward published, in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, a collection of essays illustrative

of the course of development which English Society—science, trade, and the various great Departments of State—had undergone during the preceding fifty years. Lord Justice Bowen contributed a chapter on "The Administration of the Law," which is an excellent specimen of his style and method in dealing with a professional subject. He gives a graphic description of the technicalities, confusions, and obscurities which beset litigation at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, and of the endless delays, ruinous expenditure, and frequent miscarriages of justice to which they conduced.

"From the beginning of the century," he says, "the population, the wealth, the commerce of the country had been advancing by great strides, and the antient bottles were but imperfectly able to hold the new wine. At a moment when the pecuniary enterprises of the country were covering the world, when railways at home and steam on the seas were creating everywhere new centres of industrial and commercial life, the Common Law Courts of the country seemed constantly occupied in the discussion of the merest legal conundrums, which bore no relation to the merits of any controversies except those of pedants, and in the direction of a machinery that belonged already to the past."

Bowen describes, with all the zest of a law-reformer, the gradual course of improvement till

the great measure of 1873 gave the final blow to the old system by the establishment of a Supreme Court, every branch of which administers the same principles of Equity and Law, and is governed by a common and simple procedure. No better summary could be wished ; but the article is more than a summary. It breathes throughout the spirit of a man who shakes himself free from professional prepossessions and prejudice, and rises naturally above the level of the subjects amidst which his life is passed, into that higher and more luminous atmosphere where general views present themselves, the gradual processes of growth and development become apparent, and general tendencies and principles can be evolved.

In 1892, again, Bowen rendered an important service to the Profession and the Public by communicating to the Press a dissertation on the scheme of Reform recently forwarded by the Council of Judges to the Home Secretary. The occasion was one of interesting novelty, for it was, probably, "the first time in English history that the entire body of the Judges of the land have approached the Crown with a report on the defects of the present administration of justice, and with a scheme which they have prepared for its improvement."

The right so to report was conferred by the Judicature Act upon the Council. At the opening of 1892 the Council appointed a Committee; the Committee sat every day after Court for four months, and its report, with some few alterations, was, after a three days' debate, adopted by the Council. The proposed reforms were embodied in a string of resolutions numbering about a hundred. They dealt with the whole subject of Civil Procedure, the arrangements of the Courts, the Circuit System, the distribution of Judicial Power, the Question of Appeal, the undue burthen thrown on the Chancery Judges, the creation of a special Court for speedy dispatch of commercial cases in London, the procedure in administration suits, declaratory decrees for the interpretation of deeds or other documents, the regulation of costs, the review and control of criminal proceedings and sentences by appeal or otherwise. The task of setting forth so wide-reaching, multifarious and technical a project in language intelligible to the lay community, and with sufficient lightness and brevity to be endurable by the average industry of mankind, was no easy one. It fell to Charles Bowen's lot to perform it, and the two articles communicated to the *Times*, 1872, entitled, "The

Judges' Reforms, by a Member of the Bench," give an excellent idea of his power of exposition, and of the indefatigable diligence with which he had considered every branch of a laborious and, in many respects, unattractive topic. No man ever worked with more conscientious assiduity at tasks which had nothing in them of a nature to catch the popular eye, or to bring their author into publicity, but which, none the less, tended to render the judicial machinery of the country more conducive to the interests of justice and the convenience of the public.

Profoundly impressed by the dignity of Law, the importance to the community of its adequate administration, and the responsibility of those to whom that administration is entrusted, Bowen naturally felt acutely anything which tended to impair the popular estimate of the judicial office. In 1887, the heated controversies which arose as to the Irish magistracy had given rise to disparaging observations, which, coming from a distinguished Parliamentary leader, were calculated to suggest a suspicion that English Courts of Law were not invariably exempt from the taint of political or other external influence. The accusation was so conspicuously baseless that no attention was ever given

to it, except as a striking instance of polemical extravagance ; but an opportunity presented itself of commenting on the offence in a tone of dignified reproof.

On May 18, 1887, the Lord Mayor, Sir R. Hanson, himself an old Rugbeian, gave a Rugby Dinner at the Mansion House. The French Ambassador, the Earl of Derby, Mr. G. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Matthew Arnold, the Dean of Westminster, Sir Horace (now Lord) Davey, and a great company of loyal Rugbeians responded to the hospitable invitation. In the course of the evening, Lord Justice Bowen, in replying to the toast of "the Bench and the Bar," created a deep impression by expressing, in a few weighty but not unimpassioned words, his indignant repudiation of a calumnious charge. "These are not days," he said, "in which any English Judge will fail to assert his right to rise in the proud consciousness that justice is administered in the realms of Her Majesty the Queen, immaculate, unspotted and unsuspected. There is no human being whose smile or frown, there is no Government, Tory or Liberal, whose favour or disfavour can start the pulse of an English Judge

upon the Bench, or move by one hair's breadth the even equipoise of the scales of justice." "The speech," writes Sir Reginald Hanson, "was most enthusiastically received, perhaps more warmly than any other of the brilliant speeches of brilliant men." "Rugby on this occasion, we think," observed a writer in the *Spectator*, "touched its highest point in the noble pride of the great lawyer."

SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.


FOR many years of his life Charles Bowen was too much absorbed in his professional work to have either leisure, strength, or inclination for Society. His days, and, too often, his nights, were occupied in the painful endeavour to keep pace with ever-increasing demands for his services either in Court, or as an adviser on questions of legal difficulty. After his elevation to the Bench, his failing health offered frequent impediments to social intercourse, except within a restricted circle. For some years, however, after his elevation to the Bench, Bowen found opportunities of enjoying the pleasures of sociability. In 1878 he had been elected a member of the Athenæum, and in 1880 of the Literary Society, and of Grillon's. He was also a member of the "Dilettanti," and of "The Club." Sir M. E. Grant-Duff gives us glimpses of many pleasant scenes which Bowen's presence helped to make

N

pleasanter—dinners at Grillon's and the Literary Society, visits to Hampden, Sundays at York House, afternoon gossips at the Athenæum—faint and ghostly echoes of a world from which so many who did most to enliven it have already passed away! Bowen's brilliant talk, ready sympathy, playfulness, wit, and personal charm made him a welcome guest in circles where his graver intellectual powers would hardly have been understood or appreciated. He could always be amusing, and humanity is thankful to any one who can and will amuse it. There is a natural and laudable craving for something better, brighter, more interesting than the ordinary level of social intercourse. Of Charles Bowen's charm no one who came within the sphere of his attractions could have a doubt. His witty sayings passed from mouth to mouth. He became in great request. His presence was supposed to ensure the brilliancy of an entertainment. Accomplished hostesses, whose business it is to organize brilliant entertainments, marked him for their own. Bowen was not insensible to such an appeal. His strain of Irish blood disposed him to sociability. He felt the interest and excitement of conversation. He formed many agreeable acquaintances, several much-valued friendships.

Congenial companionship is the best of all anodynes for harassing anxieties, the tedium of professional work and the depressing consciousness of an impaired constitution and failing health. Bowen enjoyed the society of his species with the zest of a sensitive and sympathetic nature, unspoiled by self-indulgence, and safe-guarded through its perilous epoch by pure taste and an austere standard; but Society was with him but an episode, not perhaps an important episode, in a busy career; it formed no part of his more serious existence. From the outer world that serious side was carefully concealed. Those who knew him but superficially found it difficult to believe that so much brilliancy and such ever-ready fun could be combined with gravity of thought, a profound philosophy of life and a deep undercurrent of melancholy. But playfulness is oftentimes a natural precaution against being tempted to reveal the bitterness which each man's heart knows, and in which he wishes no companionship. Charles Bowen was, it may be, sometimes the victim of such a mood. He shrank, even with his intimate friends, from handling serious topics, and sometimes, when conversation threatened to invade the domain in which he preferred to maintain an unbroken reticence, would divert it into a

less serious channel by a remark that seemed to disappointed listeners merely frivolous. It was not frivolity, however, which was the motive cause of his behaviour, but a sense of the importance of such topics, the magnitude and solemnity of the issues involved, the superficial and inadequate treatment which they must receive in any general gathering, however carefully selected.

Some of the occasions on which Bowen's gifts of sociability showed themselves to the greatest advantage were the dinners of the "Literary Society," at whose monthly dinners, presided over by Lord Coleridge, many of Bowen's intimate associates were accustomed to assemble. Among its frequenters were Mr. George S. Venables, himself a distinguished proficient in the art of good conversation, Hon. George Denman, a scholar of high traditional fame, Mr. Spencer Walpole, who is now, as was his father before him, president of the Club, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Birrell, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, Canon Liddon, Canon Ainger, the Dean of Westminster, Sir A. Lyall, Mr. Henry James, Mr. G. Du Maurier, and Mr. Sidney Colvin, whose rights as *arbiter bibendi* entitled him to rule the feast with despotic authority. Lord Coleridge, certainly one of the best *raconteurs*

of his day, did full justice to the presidential chair. Stimulated by congenial surroundings, he would pour out his reminiscences of Bar and Bench and Parliament in an unfailing and, apparently, inexhaustible stream of graphic narrative. When he and Bowen sat on opposite sides of the table, and got to capping each other's stories, the listeners were sure of an interesting half-hour. Both had had some curious experiences of Lord Westbury, which lost nothing in the telling. I remember sometimes thinking that no single personage of his generation can have afforded more amusement to his species than that versatile and accomplished lawyer. But how to recall such scenes or depict them? Yesterday's unfinished bottle of champagne is but a feeble representation of the staleness of the written record of transient hilarity. The essence of fun is to be spontaneous, apposite, and instantaneous. Caught between the solemn pages of a book, and stuck, like a butterfly with a pin through its back in a well-camphored tray for the purposes of science or curiosity, it is but the dead semblance of itself. Many of the good things which sent Bowen's companions away with the impression of having been infinitely amused, require the setting of the bland, mock-modest manner, and

hesitating utterance with which they were produced, and the smile of genuine enjoyment by which they were accompanied. Some of the Literary Society diners will remember the gravity with which, some one having mentioned a work, entitled "Defence of the Church of England, By a beneficed clergyman," Bowen suggested, "In other words, a defence of the Thirty-nine Articles by a *bonâ fide* holder for value." On another occasion reference was made to the fact that a publisher, who was popularly credited with driving somewhat hard bargains with authors, had built a church at his own expense. "Ah!" Bowen exclaimed, "the old story! *Sanguis martyrurum semen Ecclesiæ.*" Sometimes his wit could turn a dexterous compliment, as when he assured some ladies, who had been climbing to perilous eminence on an Alpine crag, that they had solved the problem, which had perplexed the Schoolmen, as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Sometimes a satiric touch. Some of the pleasure-hunting invalids at Homburg remember an observation of Lord Bowen's that a little dog, whose attendance on its Royal Master was not as faithful as might have been wished, was the only person at Homburg who did not run after the Prince of Wales.

Bowen's vivacity, gaiety, and ready wit—his

gentle irony never hardening into sarcasm—his flashes of humour, were naturally much appreciated in professional circles, and in that judicial Olympus, whose sublimity, it is not profane to imagine, may sometimes stand in need of a little enlivenment. Many such good stories live in the traditions of the Bar. Bowen's contemporaries recall an occasion on which the draft of an address to Royalty was being considered by the Judges. It contained the expression, "Conscious as we are of our shortcomings." Exception was taken to the phrase as pitched in too humble a key. No such consciousness, it was urged, besets the judicial mind. "Suppose," Bowen demurely suggested, "that we substitute 'Conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings'?"

Equally amusing was Bowen's reply to one of the Judges, who was complaining that another member of the Bench had slept peacefully through the afternoon, and, on waking up at half-past three, had immediately adjourned the Court. "It is as it should be," Bowen said. "He obeyed the hymn, 'Shake off dull sloth, and early rise.'" Of one of his colleagues, whose temperament showed some want of masculine robustness, Bowen observed, "I do not know whether to speak of him as my learned

brother or my learned sister." On another occasion, one of the Judges having complained that he did not know what a "Jurist" meant, Bowen proceeded to give a definition. "A Jurist," he said, "is a person who knows a little about the laws of every country except his own."

Some of his outbursts of fun live in the traditions of the Western Circuit; as, for instance, in a case, in which the plaintiff's right to a piece of unenclosed land was grounded on the fact that his donkey had been habitually pastured upon it, the Judge, at the close of the argument, inquired whether the plaintiff claimed the land through his accredited agent, the donkey. "Yes, my Lord," was Bowen's prompt reply; "my contention is, *Qui facit per asinum facit per se.*"

A flash of gentle fun shows itself occasionally in Bowen's judgments. "Had I been left to myself," he said, in dealing with a case in which the Court below had shown a perverse ingenuity in misconstruing a document, "I should have thought—the judgment of the learned Judge shows me that I should have been wrong—that it was impossible to misunderstand this letter." "Her Majesty's Courts," he observed in a case, in which an attempt was made to defeat the plaintiff's claim on the ground of

an irregularity in procedure, "do not exist for the purposes of discipline, but for the decision of disputes between the subjects."

On the other hand, he discouraged a too free resort to the indulgence of joining new parties in the course of the proceedings, by the observation that a suit was not like an omnibus, in which any one is entitled to find a place, who hails it from the pavement in the course of its journey.

Recorded *bons mots*, however, are but the mummies of wit—records of the living man, but with a sepulchral aroma. As Bowen said of Professor Henry Smith, "the brightest conversation is often the most evanescent, and the *finesse* of wit, like a musical laugh, disappears with the occasion, and cannot be reproduced on paper or in print." The Bowen whom I remember, and would fain delineate, sparkling with genial and charming wit, lives better in familiar letters, never intended for any but the recipient's eye, or for any but an ephemeral existence. Mr. Justice Mathew kindly allows me to quote one or two, in which Bowen's natural gaiety seems to play at ease.

The "illustrious uncle," to whom reference is made in the opening sentence of the following

letter, is Father Mathew, whose apostolic labours went so far towards converting Ireland to sobriety.

“ Colwood, May 31, 1889.

“ MY DEAR J. C.,

“ I am convalescent, and shall be again at the Owlary next term ; but, as usual, in low spirits. Beef-tea—such is my experience (I believe the liquid was invented by your illustrious uncle) is a chastening beverage. I return a sobered man ; and if I am at Greenwich on the 20th I shall bring my own teapot, and sit on the balcony (during dinner) by myself. As for Politics—the Parnell Commission—the Common Law—Equity—Literature—Art—Science—they are all very unimportant subjects of thought and reflection to one who has had to live on beef-tea and to think of his immortal soul. I will not, therefore, offer any observations to you upon these or any other worldly topics.

“ Remember me to Dasent, and to Lyall at the Athenæum ; and, as you will probably receive this when you are on your way to the Courts, let me say once for all that I am an Equity Lawyer, and that jokes at the expense of Chitty, Cozens Hardy, or Mr. Justice Kekewich, are all equally misplaced. Give my love and esteem to Chitty. I do not call him a *sound* Equity Lawyer, but a painstaking one. I will play him a single-wicket match on Blackheath Common before dinner on the 20th for a sovereign, and let him have Manisty to field.

“ It has turned very cold here. But it *was* delicious, all sorts of flowers blooming and smelling as sweet as ‘any-think.’

"Good-bye. Bless you. Remember me to the Chief.
'Be good, my lords, and let who will be clever.' Take
this for your and Grantham's motto when you sit together,
deciding questions of Habeas Corpus.

"Yours always,

"C. B.

"Billæus Rogerius writes that he has become a Sheriff's
Chaplain, and, as such, has got a box of first-rate cigars. I
shall be *There* betimes. Snuff and smoke. *Voilà la vie !*
Pulvis et Umbra sumus !"

The following request for a lift in his friend's
carriage to the Lord Chancellor's breakfast in 1883
sinks below the dignity of history. I shall, I think,
be forgiven for the lapse.

"Colwood, Hayward Heath, Sussex.

"My dear J. C.,
Will you be free
To carry me
Beside of thee,
In your Buggee,
To Selborne's Tea ?
If breakfast He
Intends for we
On 2 November next, D.V.
Eighteen hundred Eighty Three
A. D.
For Lady B.
From Cornwall G.
Will absent Be,

And says that She
Would rather see
Her husband be—
D dash dash D—
Than send to London Her Buggee
For such a melancholy spree
As Selborne's Toast and Selborne's Tea."

"What a libel on me!" is added in a feminine hand, and signed "F. B."

The "Athenæum" Club is popularly regarded as a serious institution, but here are a couple of letters, arranging symposia within its walls, which have an agreeable ring of fun.

"Saturday night.

"MY DEAR J. C.,

"Pax tecum, Archimagister bibendi! Don't forget you are WELBY'S and MY GUEST Tuesday 8 p.m., Athenæum, to meet the G.O.M.

"Other guests—Archbishop of Canterbury, American Minister, F. Leveson-Gower, Millais, Burnand, Du Maurier, Strong (a great Orientalist scholar; please talk to him, for he will know nobody), Alfred Morrison (probably), Robert Herbert (possibly).

"I shall *not* be there. My doctor won't hear of it. He has sent me to Colwood to-morrow (Sunday) by midday train.

"You quite comprehend, it is not an 'Ouse' dinner, but Welby's and *my* dinner."

"MY DEAR J. C.,

"Hope you are not in prison, but it looks like it. I see Dillon is.

"Is your throat better? I got a 'casual' to take your place at the dinner, but who could adequately fill it!!! So you will have nothing to pay, which may console you. We missed you much.

"C. BOWEN."

Here is a specimen of the sort of Latin in which famous scholars correspond.

"BEATE SANCTE 'MATTHIA,'

"Tu es, quod dicunt, 'Trumpa,' et ego gratias tibi ago. Cigarri sunt excellentissimi. At non ego volo (nam ambo pauperes diaboli sumus) accipere tuâ expensâ boxum tuum. Ergo si tobacconistæ tui mihi mittent duos alteros boxos, ego remitterem iis checkum pro tribus boxis; et animum meum liberavero ergo te.

"Accipe gratias meas mille tempora; et, quanquam Inquisitionem redolet, et Guyam Fawxum moribus refers, nihilominus te multum diligo; et tuus amicus (salvâ salute animi) semper remanebo.

"C. B."

On another occasion a festive evening is proposed. "Postquam dimidium maris transitum," adds the writer, as he goes on to describe what is to be the programme at this hilarious stage of the proceedings.

Many specimens of still more intimate and informal correspondence are existent—too intimate,

too informal, to be allowed to emerge from the confidential privacy of home-life which they presuppose. They are letters in which a bright and loving nature plays with a congenial task ; they fill the gap of separation with affectionate chit-chat—the gossip of the Athenæum, the Lobbies, the Courts, the last new book, the last new acquaintance, the flying joke of the hour, often recounted by its parent. A charming gaiety and tenderness pervades the whole. In 1885 he describes the Judges assembled for the opening of the Courts after the Long Vacation. “We walked in procession. The Chancellor was hungry, and I sent for some biscuits for him. I proposed that we should be fed in public on the first day of Term, and be given buns on the end of a long pole, like the bears at the Zoological Gardens. ‘Giff.’ (Sir H. Gifford) said, ‘Brett will never like feeding in public.’ ‘Oh yes, he will,’ I said ; ‘he is Master of the Rolls.’” On another occasion of the Judges’ re-assembling and a Chancellor’s breakfast, he writes, “All seems very cheery. As for the Chancellor, he is like a pious cricket on the hearth, very chirpy.”

Here is a letter written to me in India, as light of touch and gay in mood as Charles Lamb could have fashioned for an exile’s consolation.

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,

"Here I am again, after a long vacation has elapsed, sitting at the Athenæum ; Bishops on all sides of us—chiefly Colonial, it is true : God bless them, and give them a desire speedily to return to missionary labour. I am rather angry with you, for never writing—it is just what I always have to go through, always *you*, insisting, morally speaking, on taking my arm ; the very thought of what I have suffered from it (even now, when I am sitting here amongst all these Bishops) nearly brings strong language to my lips. However, seriously, *do* write me a long letter, and tell me all about yourself. Simultaneously, I shall send one to Mrs. Cunningham, in hopes of getting her to put pressure on you to write me a thoroughly nice letter.

"It is *October* 20. The long vacation just over. It is raining, and about four o'clock in the afternoon. I have just seen my wife off to the country, where I follow on Monday to begin circuit (the Western Circuit), and to try criminals. During the holidays we have been at home, at Colwood, our summer place, where we have built on to our old house, and made the place pretty and convenient. There my amusement has been *reading the classics* ! I pause here to say that I *know* you *don't* and *won't believe this*. It is what everybody says when they get to a certain time of life. Do you recollect old Cook and his 'Horace,' which he always kept in his bedroom ? Such numbers of respectable old idiots in my time as have said in my presence that they read the classics in the long vacation ! Neither of us ever would have believed them, and, upon my word, I don't know why either of us should believe the other—I mean on this particular point

—because I admit that on *all else*, all except this one thing, our character for accuracy is unimpeachable; *especially mine*. I have not been very well since you left England, till these holidays, when I have suddenly taken a new lease of health, and am really now all right. And we shall all be very glad when you and Mrs. Cunningham return: when will it be? And whatever you do, don't wait out so long that you don't care whether you return or not, because that is what I hear happens very often to the extremely aged. Come home at once before you feel your mental powers giving way, so as to bury them, so to speak, in consecrated ground, as I believe the Chinese always make a point of returning to China whenever seriously threatened with the measles.

“Now the Autumn Session nearly is on. Back all the members of Parliament are trooping to consider the Procedure Question. The Ministry never were so strong as just now. Practically, therefore, Gladstone can carry the Cloture if he pleases. And I quite expect he will, he is so obstinate: very good people usually are; it is, I have heard, owing to the fact that they generally are so stupid: because though intelligence and real moral grandeur in our own cases do go together, I admit that it would be absurd to apply that canon of criticism to our fellow-creatures.

“How time passes! Does it look like nearly twenty-five years since you read your English Essay in the Rostrum, and first learned, under my auspices, to smoke, and to get up early? Now, Willie, my eldest boy, is at Balliol; and Max is nearly as bad. The worst of these learned professions is that life goes so quick. You

begin one morning to read briefs; you go on reading, with short intervals for refreshment, past Christmases, Easters, Long Vacations, just as you pass stations in a first-class express. Here you look up, and the time has about come for the guard to begin to take the tickets. There is one thing certain, namely, that professional life is not worth the sacrifices it entails. You do give up too much to the enemy of Mankind,—even if he gives you the Lord Chancellorship at the end.

“I have been so much out of the way during the last six weeks that I can scarcely give you much intelligence either about public affairs or others. Arabi’s trial, if well managed, ought to take as long as the Tichborne case, especially if his counsel go on calling witnesses; nor do I suppose there is any reason why it should soon stop. Mr. *Blunt* I don’t know, except through ‘The Sonnets of Proteus,’ but I have no doubt the truth lies halfway between him and the opposite view. Half England—which is at best a lunatic asylum for the partially insane—is now occupied, much to its own satisfaction, in discussing the question whether Arabi’s ‘motives’ were genuine. The problem has the advantage of being insoluble, and of nobody knowing anything about it—two characteristics that make it very eligible at dinner-tables, as well as fascinating to the extremely young. The whole thing seems to me so grotesque. First, catching your enemy in cold blood; then, in a sort of moral maudlin mood, hand him over to be tried by an Egyptian native tribunal. Then, next, not feel *perfectly* sure that he has done anything wrong, and insist on his having a fifth-rate English counsel who can’t speak Arabic. Great Heavens!

O

what a people we are ! And yet we make history, just as the coral islands are made—are they not ?—by insects sticking to one another. The next thing will be a subscription list for Arabi's defence. The fifth-rate counsel who doesn't understand Arabic will go on cross-examining for weeks, and in the end the tribunal will decide in favour of the side that pays the most ; and then the British public will insist on arguing it all over again. And what is so additionally absurd is, that nobody quite knows what he is to be tried for, or under what law. The day has now finished closing in—all the lights hang out in the windows ; it is still raining. Will you answer this ? Or do you intend to persevere in that ingrained course of making me do all the writing ? I shouldn't at all wonder. Meanwhile we all want you both home as soon as you can come. I am becoming so feeble and old that I really must have an arm in the mornings ; and I think I should get on better, and it would visibly prolong my life, if I were able to walk up and down in the mornings in the sun upon the pavement, leaning on your arm. I have not been reading any books at all, so can't talk to you about literature. Knowledge of reference, as Lord Palmerston observes, is knowledge in itself ; and as soon as you arrive at this sound idea, repose in life is possible—the first step to that Nirvana (complete absence of all moral or intellectual excitement ?) which I hope to enjoy before very long in your society.

“ Always affectionately yours,

“ CHARLES BOWEN.”

Charles Bowen's translation of the “Eclogues” of Virgil and the first six books of the “Æneid,”

published in 1887, took all but a very small circle of intimate friends by surprise. It had been the amusement of his leisure hours during the Long Vacations and other intervals of leisure for several years past—the amusement, the solace, sometimes, it must be feared, too much of a burthen. It is certain that this, as every other piece of work which Lord Bowen undertook, was performed with all the conscientious and exquisite diligence which was his natural mood. No one, he confided to an intimate friend, would ever have an idea of the amount of toil which it had involved. Hours had often been spent over a single line which proved refractory against the process of translation.

Many of Virgil's most beautiful lines are untranslatable. Some are more beautiful in sound than in idea, and can not be made melodious in English without betraying their poverty of meaning. Others, lovely alike in sense and sound, are too delicate to bear transplanting. Bowen himself was aware of the perilous difficulty of the task. "A translator of Virgil into English verse," he says, "finds the road, along which he has undertaken to travel, strewn with the bleaching bones of unfortunate pilgrims who have preceded him." He lays down, as axiomatic, that a translation of the

"Æneid," to be of any value, must be in itself an English poem, and the English poem, in its turn, must be a translation, not merely a paraphrase. Tried by these tests, "most Virgilian versifiers have perished in the wilderness." Dryden's rendering—noblest and most masculine of all—scarcely gives us more than a paraphrase. "He has taken Virgil into his powerful grasp, crushed him to atoms, and reproduced the fragments in a form which, though not devoid of genius, is no longer Virgil's. The silver trumpet has disappeared, and a manly strain is breathed through bronze." Professor Conington's translation—scholar-like, accurate, and skilful—shocks the reader by the substitution of a metre and manner as remote as possible from that of Virgil. "The sweet and solemn majesty of the ancient form is wholly gone. All that is left is what Virgil might have written if the 'Æneid' had been a poem of the character of 'Marmion' or 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

But the translation, as Bowen conceived it, involved a further requirement. Educated Englishmen have been fed upon Virgil from boyhood upwards: "Hundreds of Virgil's lines are familiar quotations, which linger in our memory, and round which our literary associations cluster and hang, as

religious sentiment clings to well-known texts in the Bible." The charm of association is lost, unless there be a "corresponding English line, pointed and complete in itself, containing, however imperfectly, the plan of the original." The translation should, therefore, be *lineal* as well as literal. In what English metre can these requirements be best satisfied? The standard English metres are too short for the purpose. The English hexameter, with its final dissyllabic foot shortened to a monosyllable, seemed to Bowen the best solution. This admitted of rhyme, in which habit has accustomed the English ear to take pleasure. Of the merits of this metre, as "susceptible of varied treatment, full of flexibility, capable of rising to real grandeur," Bowen was thoroughly convinced, though he dared not claim for it that it preserved the orderly and majestic movement of the Roman hexameter, or allowed of a consistent imitation of the Latin cadence. It was the best, however, of which the English language allowed. On this, and on the merits of the translation, it is for scholars to pronounce. Of all forms of foolish criticism, none seems more futile and impertinent than the offhand judgment, summarily pronounced on literary workmanship of an elaborate and exquisite order—the

result of long-sustained intellectual effort. No one certainly is competent to express an opinion on such a translation as this, who has not drunk deep of the Pierian spring, and studied the original poem in the reverential and appreciative spirit in which Bowen addressed himself to the task. Every line, it may be assumed, is as good as skill, scholarship, the finest literary taste, and a fervent spirit of literary endeavour could make it. No toil was spared, and no amount of time. But, then, toil and time struggle in vain with impossibility, and some lines of Virgil are to a translator, with Lord Bowen's aim and standard, impossible. The poem fascinated him as it has fascinated so many highly gifted natures at every stage of European culture. It was fitting that

“ Old Virgil, who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes,”

should be rendered to a modern audience by an interpreter who, with every other qualification for the task, was ready to devote long days, and burn the midnight oil, in giving every detail of his work the necessary polish. A highly qualified critic, Professor W. G. Sellar, of Edinburgh,* expressed,

* *Classical Review*, March, 1888.

in no hesitating terms, his view of the degree in which Bowen had achieved success.

“He combines in a higher degree than any of those who have previously attempted the task, the two requisites of finished scholarship, and of power, versatility, and delicacy in the use of language and metre. No one, however familiar with the language of Virgil, can compare passages in this English version, line by line, and phrase by phrase, with the original, without apprehending much that was in the poet’s mind, which he had not perceived before, and without feeling his power and charm with a new enjoyment. The exact and refined scholarship of the translator shows itself in the minute carefulness of his workmanship, and his fidelity to the subtle suggestions and shades of meaning in the original. But to accurate scholarship and critical appreciation he adds the lively susceptibility, the mobility of mind and imagination, the affluence of language, and the power, care, and tact in its employment, characteristic of a literary artist; and, with these gifts of an artistic temperament, he combines acuteness and soundness of judgment derived from the education of a great practical career.”

Professor Sellar, though not so ardent an admirer as Bowen of a shortened rhyming hexameter, yet considers that “it reproduces, as well as any metre could, the simpler, more lively, and buoyant movement of the ‘Eclogues.’” It can do justice not only to their softer cadences, but to the deeper

tones which his sympathy with the grander voices of Nature elicits from the poet—

“Neither the whispering breeze of the south wind, now on its way,
Brings me a joy thus deep, nor the thunders of surf on the shore,
Nor when the rock-strewn valley resounds to the torrent’s roar.”

In regard to the “Æneid,” both metre and manner are, Professor Sellar considered, “more fitted to do justice to it as a poem of heroic adventure, of human sensibility and passion, of descriptive power, of great finish and detail, than as the expression of the Imperial sentiment and character of Rome—‘the stateliness and majesty,’ as he elsewhere expresses it, ‘of some of the more “Imperial” passages. . . .’” Let experts decide. Be the shortcomings of the metre what they may, it will not, I think, be denied that, in Lord Bowen’s hands, it was susceptible, on occasion, of a solemn grandeur and pathos which well became the scene, on which were displayed the destinies of an Imperial race.

Bowen himself was fully conscious of the key in which the patriotic passages of the poem must be pitched. They spoke to a Roman audience with the meaning and significance of a very personal interest. “To appreciate the Æneid truly, it is necessary to think of it always as written for the

ears of a people who had risen to be masters of the world, after an internecine struggle, out of which Carthage, long mistress of the seas, and redoubtable to Rome even upon land, had at one time nearly emerged triumphant, and in which Rome had nearly perished." *Dts aliter visum.* The hand of Heaven pointed unwaveringly, through a long series of vicissitudes, to the predestined climax—the majestic and benign presidency of Rome over a conquered and submissive world. In the sixth book of the "Æneid" this splendid climax is kept constantly in sight. It is, says the translator, the noblest passage in Latin literature. Æneas, carrying in his person the fortunes of his race, visits the ghostly world, passes to the Elysian fields, discovers his father among the ranks of the blest, and learns from him the mystery of that second life, to which the purified soul, after ages of purgation, will return to live on earth. In a majestic procession the projected shadows of kings and warriors pass—Cæsar, Pompey, Augustus. The gorgeousness of the scene melts in the pathos of the boy Marcellus—a nation's hope and love—destined to die on the verge of manhood. Amid the splendour of a court ceremonial there breaks in the touch of Nature, and the mother, Octavia, is carried away, fainting, from the scene.

The episode is among the most striking, interesting, and pathetic of any which classical history presents. Nor is the translation unworthy of the noble language in which the original rises to a sublime occasion.

The first hours of the translation's existence were not without their vicissitudes.

"Fancy what might have happened!" Charles Bowen writes to his wife, May 24, 1884; "I was working in the library at the Athenæum, into a volume of my Virgil, the 'Eclogues.' Going home, I forgot all about it; it was 11 p.m.; nor did I think of my volume for three days after, when suddenly I recollected that I had not brought it home. What *had* I done with it? In a most melancholy frame of mind, I walked over to the Athenæum. There in the hall an advertisement—

'Found in the Library, a MS. Quarto Book
containing poetry.'

What do you think of that for an extra humiliation thrown in quite casually by Providence? I had to go and claim my beloved waif-and-stray with my tail between my legs; and now I feel that even the hall-porter says to himself: 'That a Lord Justice! why, he writes poetry!' Good-bye, my dearest."

Among many pleasant communications which followed the publication of the Virgil, there was one which Bowen must have especially prized as coming from an accomplished scholar and expert in classical

translation—his friend and brother Judge, the late Hon. George Denman.

*"Ipsi Virgilio qui jam superaddis honores,
Accipias grates, care poeta, meas.
Carmina quæ puero, vix intellecta, placebant,
Auspice te, referunt gaudia quanta seni!"*

For any sustained effort in original poetry Charles Bowen's busy life afforded no opportunity. But his keen poetical sense and perfect mastery of language naturally prompted him, as occasion offered and the inspiring mood came on, to poetical composition. A small collection of these scattered pieces was formed some years before his death, but he never allowed them to pass into the hands of any but a few intimate friends. To such they are of great interest; not, of course, as in any way adequate representations of his literary power, but as recalling the grace and sweetness—the fastidious taste, the fine ear for musical cadence, the gay and melancholy moods, the playfulness with its undercurrent of deep feeling, which they remember as characteristic of him and his work. They bear the impress of their origin,—fugitive, desultory, fragmentary, and, it may be, of unequal merit; but to the understanding ear—especially to the ear of friendship—they have a music and a pathos of their own. They are in no

sense autobiographic ; but none the less indicate various phases of sentiment, to which Charles Bowen felt moved from time to time to give poetic form.

In one he strikes the note of the ambitious and aspiring mind, checked and abashed by the fast-approaching end.

“ Life and new life—Give me the cup once more.
No need to crown for me its rim with flowers—
These would but bring again the scent of hours
Too sweet to scorn, too fleeting to deplore.
Youth's triumphs—revel—joys in golden store—
Rich love itself hath brought me poor content,
For the grey thought that, ere the wine be spent,
Night comes apace to close the festal door.
Let boys wreath fate with lilies ; I, aflame
To do what yet I know not, strive a strife,
Smite once in thunder at all doors of fame,
And make dull worlds re-echo ; ask but life,
To slake this thirst, and be what men have been,
Ere I go hence, and am no longer seen.”

In another he drops the plummet into the void, and shows human love in a gloomy but not unheroic phase.

“ TO HERMIONE.

“ Hermione, you ask me if I love ;
And I do love you. But indeed we drift
Fast by the flying, fleeting banks of life
Towards the inevitable seas. It seems
But yesterday I saw, as in a dream,
Childhood—a flame of glory—come and go.

And, lo! to-day these hairs are flecked with time
 Already ; and all the silver minutes glide
 More dreamily than ever for the love
 I bear you : hand in hand, and hour by hour,
 Floating beside you to the sounding falls,
 Whence we must leap together into night.
 Are we not happy? Is not life serene?
 We do but pass, you say, from one bright shore
 Upon a brighter! Dear Hermione,
 Be glad there is no shadow on your eyes ;
 But this I know, that all the world beside
 Seems faint with pain ; the rose upon your breast
 Is not more full of perfume than the world
 Of pain. I hear it even at your side
 By day and night—the illimitable sigh
 Breathed upward to the throne of the deaf skies—
 A cry of hollow-cheeked and hungry men
 Burning away life's fire for little ends ;
 And women with wan hearts and starving eyes
 Waiting for those they love to come again
 From strange embraces—ruined womanhood
 And barren manhood, fruitful but of pain.
 Such is the shore we float from ; for the shore,
 The brighter shore, we reach, I only know
 That it is night, Hermione, mere night,
 Unbroken, unilluminated, unexplored.
 Come closer, lay your hand in mine ; your love
 Is the one sure possession that will last.
 Let us be brave, and when the Shadow comes
 To beckon us to the leap, rise lightly up
 And follow with firm eyes and resolute soul
 Whither he leads—one heart, one hand, to live
 Together, or, if Death be Death, to die."

In another, conceived in a very different mood,
 but with equal charm and grace, we find friendship
 reassuring its recipient, and protesting with elaborate,

perhaps not unnecessary, emphasis, that it is not love.

“ Go, Song, and fall at Silvia's feet, and say
Thou art not Love—but from a frozen sky
That knows not of Love's name nor of Love's way,
Hast fluttered idly to her door to die.
Shake from thy plumes, before thou meet her eye,
All passion—veil thy gaze, forget thy pain,
And, if she take thee on her heart to lie,
Become a thing of beauty—a soft strain
Filling her dreams with music. Should she deign
To ask what bird, in what enchanted grove,
Taught thee a note so tender, swear again,
By all thou holdest dear, it was not Love ;
Else she will drive thee, Song, into the night,
And lost my toil will be and thy delight.”

Some of the love-songs have a Tennysonian ring,
but are none the less charming for their frankly
imitative form. For instance—

“GOOD NIGHT, GOOD MORNING.

“ The Sun, a shining orb, descends
Behind the mountain wold ;
Gloom gathers fast, the daylight ends ;
Sheep journey to the fold.
Peace and farewell, ye torrent rills—
Good night to earth and sky.
So homeward from the silent hills
We went, my love and I.
Come, sweet night. Day, take thy flight ;
My love will make the darkness light.

“ Rest to the earth—the weary earth—
Sweet rest : till far away
Upon the hills we saw the birth
And triumph of the day.

Again the mighty sun arose,
And on each mountain lawn
Began the million golden glows
That usher in the dawn.
Go, dear night. Come, purple light ;
Rise, Love, and make the morning bright.

"At noon I found these violets blue
Where early morning lies,
And brought them fresh with light and dew—
Not purer than her eyes—
To her who was my morning flower,
As is my flower of noon.
Soon comes a duskier twilight hour,
And night will follow soon.
Sweet face, stay : life ebbs away,
Be thou thy lover's evening ray."

The love and reverence for the great masters of literature, which was so marked a characteristic of Charles Bowen's mind, breathes through the following sonnet.

"THE CLASSICS.

"Draw nigh with joy, for this is holy ground.
Here keep the vocal Nine their mountain feasts ;
Here comes Apollo, weary of his priests,
To fountains ever fresh and sweet with sound.
Here every peak and precipice around
With music breaks the morn. In youth we knew
The choir, when all their lifted clarions blew
About us, and each thought came laurel-crowned.
And still each pulse of grief, joy, memory rolls,
Set to immortal words. O master souls,
Ye do the hearts ye charm some little wrong ;
For who can sing when Homer is so sweet ;
Sigh, as Catullus sighed at Lesbia's feet ;
Or chaunt, for sound of Dante's trumpet-song ?"

The longer poems abound in description of much beauty and refinement, the sadness of life making its presence felt amidst touches of a gay mood.

“THE SONG OF THE LAUREL.

“Under Olympus, divinity haunted,
Lies a rich valley, Apollo, of thine ;
Lowland and upland, with grey olive planted,
Lovely in spring, but in summer divine.
Deep in its heart, where the gorges are narrow,
Moist with the foam-dew afloat from the glen,
Silver Peneius, a white water arrow,
Enters in thunder, and issues again.

“Hither at morn, when the mountain in shadow
Rested, untroubled as yet of the noon,
Came truant Naiads afoot through the meadow,
Twining wet grasses to petals of June.
Pleasure and youth, ankle-deep in the lotus,
Chasing the bee, and outsinging the bird ;
Never of late, since Impiety smote us,
Voices as sweet by our rivers are heard.

“Couched in mid cover, the singer Apollo,
God of the forest and king of the bow,
Watching his deer as they drank in the hollow,
Marked the divine apparition below.
Glowing immortal had seldom beholden
Bosom more snowy or sunnier hair,
And in the prime of the age that was golden
Gods were but frail when a Naiad was fair.

“Swiftly he loosened his belt and his quiver,
Laid down his bow and his arrows of light,
Stole like a thief through the flags of the river,
Silent and swift as the wings of the night.

Saw in her beauty the daughter of Ladon
Zoneless and free, unaware of the God ;
All the ripe meadow for love of the maiden
Breaking in blossom and light as she trod.

“Was it dim sense of his presence appalled her,
Or an elm leaf in the deep thicket stirred ?
Was it the heron that uprose by the alder,
Conscious of peril, her sentinel bird ?
Sudden she paused in mid carol arrested,
Stood like a marble in frozen affright ;
Soon, as a fawn by the leopard molested
Fled for Peneius, nor stayed in the flight.

“Fierce are the loves of Immortals, a fuel
Burning as pinewood, and stormily spent :
Tears in the weak stir the thirst of the cruel,
Never yet made one pursuer relent.
Then, in despair, seeing none to deliver,—
All her bright girlhood to sorrow so nigh,—
Flying, she sobbed a wild prayer to the river,
Still to live on as his maiden or die.

“Down underneath in their green water palace,
Hard by the ocean's unquenchable springs,
Crushing sea grapes till they foam in the chalice,
Sit, coral girdled, the grave river kings.
Faint sealight glimmer about them:—a lustre
Born of pale diamond and stones of the brine ;
Agates above them in pendulous cluster
Lit by the spirit of clear hyaline.

“Blinded with mist of the watery ages,
Eldest in race of all Tritons that be,
There, in the middle, the eyeless sea sages
Harped of the wonders and works of the sea.
What mellow song from sweet Sicily flattered
Orpheus the bold and his mariner crew ;
And how the trident of seagod had shattered
Continents vast into Cyclads of blue.

P

“ How the great deep, after tempest abated,
Washed a white waif to the caverns of green,
Whence driven thither no tongue hath related,
Or from high Heaven, or from inner ravine.
Long in the depths of her shimmering prison
Daughter and darling of ocean she lay :
Then with soft laughter to earth had arisen,
Venus, a cloudlet of sun and of spray.

“ Down underneath, in the pause of the story,
Came the loud wail of the fugitive girl ;
Till from his dwelling Peneius the hoary
Lifted his head o'er the roofing of pearl :
Marked the hot chase of the God to o'ertake her,
And, in deep pity of her the forlorn,
Swore a great oath by the mighty Earth-shaker,
Ocean should keep what of ocean was born.

“ So swore the God, and the oath was recorded—
Straightway the earth rose in wavelets around,
Took and transfigured the maiden, and corded
Both her slight feet in a stem to the ground.
Branches began where the shoulders had rounded,
Leafy knots budded from bosom and brow,
And in his triumph the victor confounded
Clasped at a woman and kissed but a bough.

“ Where in the meadow was Daphne, the maiden,
Daphne, the laurel, arose to the sun ;
Steadfastly rooted and foliage laden,
Praising the Gods for deliverance won.
Then, as half woman, in gentle compassion
Of the wild lover who wrought her alarm,
Swayed by the breeze, and in pain at his passion,
Circled his brow with her evergreen arm.

“ This is the song of the God and the Laurel,
And the bright water-nymph, turned to a tree.
This is the song,—but wherein is the moral ?
Listen, Aglaia, fairer than she :



As was the doom of the singer Apollo,
So hath the lot of his ministers been,
Beauty and Love through the valleys to follow,
Winning no meed but a chaplet of green."

"SILENUS.

"The winds and clouds were playing
In depths of blue serene,
When Love took Life a-maying
Through fairy glen and green ;
And filled her lap and bosom,
And all her blowing hair,
With purple bud and blossom,
And grasses ripe and rare.

"Concealed in river rushes,
Silenus, eyes aglow,
From ferns and alder bushes,
Beheld the truants go,
Linked hand in hand together,
And hunting down the sky
Each floating summer feather,
And flashing dragon-fly.

"'The Gods are great, Silenus,'
He murmured : ' Not for thee
The lovely gifts of Venus,
The laughter and the glee.
As harts before the leopard,
From thee the Dryads fleet,
And leave the lonely shepherd
A gleam of flying feet.'

"What forest glades and alleys
They thridded, none can say :
Down what enchanted valleys,
Or by what water-way.'

Who counts each cape and islet,
Round which the vessel trails,
Where Love is master-pilot,
And Fancy fills the sails?

“And still Silenus tarried,
Till the sun's chariot soon
To middle heaven had carried
The glowing afternoon.
Shadeward the lizard glided ;
The fields were faint with light
And, ere the day divided,
He saw another sight.

“Treading no mirthsome measure,
Nor hand in hand they came ;
His eye was dead to pleasure,
Her cheek a fever-flame.
He chides her feet that linger,
And mocks her tear that flows ;
She pulls with joyless finger
The petals of a rose.

“And so the twain departed,
That met at morning dew,
Life, worn and dreary-hearted,
And Love—to travels new.
And every summer blossom
They plucked at break of day
Went fluttering down the bosom
Of wind and cloud at play.

“Thereat Silenus, smiling :
‘If Love and Life,’ said he,
‘Thus end their soft beguiling,
No nectar joys for me.
Methinks the fates who fashion
Our pasturage and path
Make of the flowers of passion
A barren aftermath.’

“ And ere his mood was ended,
Down kneeling in the weed,
He took and cut and mended
A shining river reed ;
And blew thereon a measure
So piercing and so sweet,
That all the Fauns for pleasure
Came trooping to his feet,

“ He sang of summers wasted
In wooing idle wind ;
How Love s ambrosia tasted
Leaves bitterness behind ;
And how the woods are lonely,
And how the Gods are wise,
And gave Silenus only
The secrets of the skies.

“ Far off till shadows darken,
And twilight holds the plain,
The shepherds stand and hearken
To the enchanted strain.
There sits Silenus playing,
That all who hear may know
How Life and Love from maying
Return not as they go.”

“ TO A FLOWER.

“ Lie thou upon the grave of one, whose cheek
And soul were fair and virginal as thou,
In silence. Tears are vain, and words are weak,
And she hears nothing now,

“ But the great chant and movement of the spheres,
The unending harmonies, supremely sweet,
Whereof all music is an echo here,
And Joy and Life a beat.

"Of which great hymn her life, a little time,
Was a far note and image. This she hears,
And is upgathered to the march and chime
Of the planets and the years,

"And swells their tuneful tide with her new birth :
Nor knows, nor can she know for very bliss,
Her death hath made the heaven and all the earth
A wreck and wilderness,

"To him who places here these buds of spring ;
Else were her joy undone,
To whom the pain of every living thing
Was grief to think upon.

"Lie there. Exhale thy perfume—droop, and fade ;
Make the world poor by one more sweetness fled.
Die of a little sun or too much shade,
As lovelier things are dead.

"Emblem of her who was the flower and fruit
Of innocence and beauty. Here she shone,
So white of heart, that Falsehood's self was mute :
An envious wind touched her, and she is gone,

"Leaving this earth, where her brief lot was cast,
The memory of a fragrance and a strain ;
To us who loved—the ever present past,
Beauty, deep bliss, and an undying pain."

"SHADOW-LAND.

"Far, far aloof from Olympus and its thunder,
Lost midway in the spaces of the night,
Lies a dim wilderness of vanity and wonder,
Half within darkness and half amid the light.
Stray suns visit it : the callow moon has found it :
Sad seas circle it, a melancholy strand ;
Dreams impeople it, and shadows are around it,
And the Gods know it as the distant Shadow-Land.

- “ Phantom music of Coronach and Pæan
Rolls wind-borne to the sky for evermore ;
Sun-mists open, and reveal to Empyrean
How shadows live on the visionary shore.
Life that were sleep, but for dreams that overcome her,
Smiles that are tears, and ambition that is pain,
Hopes unharvested, and springs without a summer,
Round the sad year, and renew themselves again.
- “ All things there suffer death and alteration,
Fair flowers bloom for a season and are bright,
Songs over-sweet but outlive a generation,
Ring for a little and are gathered into night.
Cycles decay and their sepulchres have perished,
Kingdoms depart and their palaces are sand,
Names unchronicled, and memories uncherished
Fill the lost annals of the distant Shadow-Land.
- “ Here great souls, in a plenitude of vision,
Planned high deeds as immortal as the sun ;
Winds sang their requiem, and had them in derision—
Thoughts left in cloudland ; purposes undone.
Here sate Youth with the crown her lover brought her,
Fond words woven for her coronal to be ;
Brief lived, beautiful, she laid it by the water—
Time's waves carried it, and whelmed it in the sea.
- “ What spirits these so forsaken and so jaded :
White plumes stained and apparel that is rent :
Wild eyes dim with ideals which have faded :
Weary feet wearily resting in ascent ?
Heroes and patriots, a company benighted,
Looking back drearily they see, along the plain,
Many a bright beacon which liberty had lighted
Dying out slowly in the wind and in the rain.
- “ ‘ Ah ! sad realms, where the ripest of the meadows
Bring bitter seeds to maturity,’ I cried ;
‘ Ah, sweet life, who would change thee for the shadows !
Take me again to earth's summers, O my guide !’

Smiling he answered me, 'Thy journey home is ended,
Raise up thine eyes, and behold on either hand ;'
Straightway lifting them, I saw and comprehended,
Earth was herself the Gods' distant Shadow-Land."

"MANQUÉ.

"I could have sung, had life been clear
From thoughts too sad for mortal ear,
And visions full of human wrong.
But doubt and tumult in the brain
Confused the dream and spoiled the strain :
And now—the wild winds sing my song.

"I could have loved, had love's repast
Been as the mortal passion vast,
Or matched the longing of the soul.
But larger love than earth can know
Would leave our deepest fires aglow—
Now—o'er my heart the waters roll.

"I could have wept, had any tears
Been as enduring as the years
That make and mar our mortal span.
But hearts grow cold as seasons fly,
Life leaves us but the power to sigh,
And takes the strength to weep from man.

"I could have striven, had trumpets blown,
Had but some battle banner shown,
Some feat been named, to do or die.
But the ignoble grooves of life
Were all remote from hero strife,
And down we drifted—Time and I.

"O winds, eternal mountain choir,
More passionate than mortal lyre !
O waves, more loud than trumpet-tongue !
Ye chant the wild regrets of man ;
His fever since the world began—
Ye know the songs my heart had sung."

On rare occasions Bowen addressed a general audience on topics which lay outside the domain of law. One of them was in December, 1888, when he distributed the prizes at the City of London School, and took the opportunity of remarking on a controversy which was attracting attention—the value of examinations as an educational method, and of the crammer, the object at the moment of somewhat unreasonable objugation. He told a good story of a complaint of Chief Justice Cockburn that an aged charwoman, whose duty it was to light the fires in the Judge's rooms, had been carried off by the Treasury in her declining years to undergo a Civil Service examination. There is a natural feeling that "an Englishman's ignorance, like his house, is his castle—a kind of South Africa which ought to be closed to explorers." As matters stand, the crammer—though he does not come across the path of the real student, the real artist, or the real man of science—is not without his uses. "Cramming is the tribute which idleness pays to the excellence of industry. The crammer does his best for his pupil. He may overload him, but he produces him, after all, in the condition desired by the market."

In 1891, again, Bowen addressed the Walsall Literary Society, and selected novel-reading as his

topic. Some touches recall the sort of talk with which Bowen would amuse a congenial circle.

"Few writers," he says, "have painted the outside and, so far as there is an inside, the inside of ordinary insipid characters better than Mr. Trollope. . . ."

"Eugène Sue was not fit either to serve in heaven or reign in hell. His distinct mediocrity of taste was redeemed by wit, and enlivened by a kindly epicurean familiarity with the world. The least superficial quality he possessed was his frivolity, which sinks to a considerable depth, though his other powers are more easily exhausted."

George Sand's self-consciousness is glanced at as a shortcoming of genius.

"The authoress who wishes to outlive her contemporaries must first learn to outlive her own *malaise*." "Love-making," he observes elsewhere, "seems to have been a natural taste even in the primitive days ; but our modern familiarity with its phenomena is partly due to the continuous exertions of novelists. Much of love has only been learnt under the instruction of some woman who has herself only learnt it from a book."

He combats the realistic theory that "the literary workman is entitled to portray the pigsties of Epicurus, provided that the colouring is masterly, the composition skilful, and the pigs true to nature."

"The end of scientific inquiry is, unquestionably, truth ; but the literature of the imagination is an art, not a science,

and its object is not truth, but the truthful presentation of beauty, and of other conceptions, which are really suited for the pen. Authors are not bound by any divine law of their being to surprise truth in all her hiding-places. Nor is it necessary that everything should be described in romance, any more than in real life it is the duty of everybody to be photographed. . . . It is not the absence of costume, but the presence of innocence which makes the Garden of Eden."

On another occasion, in 1893, Charles Bowen addressed a gathering of students of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, an institution in which he had, thirty-two years before, taken an active interest. He now broke a friendly lance with Professor Mahaffy, who had been saying some gloomy and disrespectful things about popular education. The address sparkles with flashes of the fun which played, like an electric flame, over Charles Bowen's most serious mood. He gives the Dublin Professor a little gentle satire on his undue pessimism; but he evidently is to a large degree in sympathy with his views.

"The first result of a great educational movement is a general diffusion of mediocre knowledge, and it is idle to expect a literary millennium at once to set in. Till recently intelligence ran in a restricted channel between boundaries that were ungenerously narrow. The river has

broken its banks and overwhelmed the land ; it sweeps in a sounding sea over the plains, and one can not be surprised that it does not flow everywhere at its old depth. At such periods in the onward march, a great deal is said, done, and written that is below the level of creditable learning. The noise of newly emancipated tongues drowns the still small voice of culture. High standards are not recognized, or cease to be impressive ; the quality of the supply is affected by the quantity of the demand, since cheap thought, like light claret, can be produced on an extensive scale. The highways and byways of literature are given up, so to speak, to the literary bicyclist. He travels in a costume peculiar to himself, and he considers the landscape as his own. Expressions of violence are employed to describe commonplace emotions. Towards individuals we practise the same indistinctness of judgment, the same indifference to proportion. We pursue successful men and women to their down-sitting and uprising ; we enjoy descriptions of their household furniture. Memorials are erected to every one who will only die in the odour of respectability. We write long biographies of nobody, and we celebrate the centenaries of nothing."

Culture is naturally alarmed at the inroad of Gothic hordes into regions sacred to literature and art, and at the turmoil incidental to the invasion.

"One can even conceive of the most brilliant professors at our Universities, under the influence of temporary disquietude, jealously and suspiciously mounting guard over their own educational blessings, as if they were keeping an eye on their luggage at a crowded railway station."



It is unfair, however, to criticize the inevitable incompleteness of a new system with microscopic exactness.

“The bystander will misjudge the significance of the change, if he concentrates his attention on the roughness and unsightliness of the rude building-plots on which the edifices of the future have only begun to be laid out. Reforms have, as a rule, to be purchased at some sacrifice of the luxurious quiet and picturesque amenity to which the past has been accustomed, just as a railway interferes with the seclusion of the village or the beauty of the valley.”

But the education from which real ennoblement may be hoped must not be estimated from the commercial and mechanical point of view.

“Instruction ladled out in a hurry is not education. The cultivation for market purposes of brute brain power has its uses, public and private; but the market advantages of education are not the criterion of its value to individuals or the nation. To teach the young generation to snatch greedily at mental improvement, with the sole purpose of disposing at a profit of what they learn, is to narrow and injure education. Education must not be regarded as a mere ladder of advancement and advertisement, as a means of pushing, in front of others, into an inner circle, where the good things of this life are being given away. Egotism will spoil education as it spoils religion and as it spoils ethics. All three lose their virtue and medicinal efficacy when selfishness settles down upon them like a fog.

Education does not mean the knowing a little more Latin or Greek than one's neighbour, or the application, for pecuniary purposes, of a superior polish to one's own brains. Its true purport and mission were discovered by those who conferred on learning the name of 'the humanities,' based on the conception of universal sympathy with mankind. Education, touched by this principle, ceases to be a personal struggle, and becomes an illumination—a training based on the sense of human fraternity. Thus conceived, it is desired as the best means of sharing 'the great thoughts of the past, and comprehending the hopes of the future. The point at which it kindles and ennobles is where we first reach the atmosphere of great men, great deeds, great ideas. Up to this moment knowledge may have been a delicate luxury, the satisfaction of a taste, the indulgence of a curious passion. From and after such a moment we live, not in ourselves, but in the fellowship of the greatest thinkers and the best men. The story of the world, thereupon, lights up into a narrative of evolution—a story of the conflicts and triumphs of freedom, heroism, and truth. And, whatever be the ultimate catastrophes of the universe, they will not have obscured for us the spectacle, on this tiny and perishable planet, of an unwearying race, of which we ourselves are part, still linked together in prospective and retrospective sympathy, still pressing onward, still nursing the sacred fire, still cherishing ideals, still hoping for perfection."

CLOSING YEARS.


FROM his appointment as a Lord Justice of Appeal to his promotion to the House of Lords, in 1893, Bowen's life was of the same laborious and uneventful tenor as in its earlier stages. The claims of the Court of Appeal were imperative and continuous. The judgments there delivered—authoritative declarations of English law—sometimes clearing away obscurities, sometimes correcting mistakes of long standing, sometimes modifying an old rule in its application to new and altered conditions, necessitated the utmost care, erudition and research, and left but scanty leisure for other interests. Occasionally, the chance of a holiday presented itself. In 1883 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company invited a party of distinguished Englishmen to travel over its line, and enjoy its splendid hospitality. Lord Coleridge, Hannen, and Charles Bowen were of the party.

The expedition, however, proved more fatiguing than he had hoped to find it, and Bowen, after a while, broke off from the party and travelled home slowly by himself, not much the better, so far as health was concerned, for his two crossings of the Atlantic.

In February, 1885, Bowen received tidings of a compliment which, I believe, gave him greater pleasure than any of the honours which had fallen to his lot. The master of Balliol wrote :—

“MY DEAR LORD JUSTICE,

“I have the pleasure of announcing to you that the College, in the exercise of this singular privilege, yesterday elected you Visitor, if you are willing to undertake the duties of that, not very troublesome, office.

“We are all very glad of the election (which was unanimous) and no one more than I am.

“Ever yours affectionately,

“B. JOWETT.”

Early in 1890 Charles Bowen sustained a great sorrow in the death of Alexander Craig Sellar, one of his oldest and most valued friends. Few losses could have cost him more. Sellar's cheery and genial temperament, which enabled him to render such important services to his party in the House of Commons, made him in private life the best of

companions. No man could tell a story better, or had a more unfailing supply on hand; his Parliamentary experience had brought him into contact with many men, and his native shrewdness and insight had turned his opportunities to the best account. But, with him, mirth was ever mellowed with kindness, and those who knew him most intimately had the strongest sense of his goodness of heart, his chivalrous sense of honour, and the sincere kindness of nature which gave a charm to his society. His health had for long been uncertain and failing, and the strain of his Parliamentary life hastened the collapse. In the summer of 1889, he went to Homburg, but only to return a dying man. Several months of suffering ensued, and in the spring of 1890 the end came. Throughout the illness Charles Bowen's continuous letters of gossip and affection had done much to cheer his friend. He was at this time himself in extremely bad health. He had been attacked by the prevailing epidemic of influenza, and suffered a long and painful illness. The disease affected the nerves of the eye, and gave him many weeks of acute suffering. He was greatly prostrated, and his general health received a serious shock. When, at last, he was sufficiently recovered to allow of his removal

Q

to Colwood, the change seemed to work but little good. At times he would brighten up, and talk with something of his accustomed gaiety and zest; but he underwent frequent relapses. It was at last resolved to try the experiment of a sojourn on the Riviera. His old friend, Mr. Bullock Hall, was residing at Valescure, and offered him and Lady Bowen a cordial welcome. Subsequently the Bowens moved into another villa, which the kindness of a friend placed at their disposal, where, a little later, he heard of his father's death, at Bordighera, the consequence of an attack of influenza. Mr. Bowen was in his eighty-ninth year, and had, up to the last, preserved his powers, mental and physical, unimpaired.

In March, 1890, Professor Jowett writes to Charles Bowen with reference to these events.

"MY DEAR BOWEN,

"I was going to write to you, as I have been any time during the last six weeks, when I saw in the paper the death of your venerable father. I fear that you have had a great deal of trouble lately; but I hardly count this as a trouble, for he was a most excellent man, and lived beyond the usual term, and he was very happy, and a great part of his happiness was your distinction and success. And now he is—where we all shall be some day—with God.

"Since we met, we have also lost another dear friend,

about whom I shall have much to say to you when we see one another again. Your words were the greatest comfort to him and to his family.

"What I am chiefly anxious about is your health. You have had a very long and depressing illness, and must have had the thoughts which usually accompany such an illness. I suppose that resignation is an alternative which has sometimes crossed your mind. I hope that you will exhaust all the possibilities of rest and vacation before you have recourse to this *dernier ressort*. But, if you should be unable to go on at present, do not look at the prospect as at all desperate. You will have leisure for reading and thinking, and probably the opportunity of using your great legal faculty in the House of Lords—more liberty, and, therefore, more force for any purpose.

"I fear that I must have seemed very negligent of you in your trouble, when I think of all the regard and affection which you have shown towards me for so many years. I have really thought of you constantly ; but the life which I lead during term-time makes it difficult for me to write letters."

Charles Bowen attended the yearly banquet of the Royal Academy in May, 1891, and the duty devolved on him of returning thanks for the President's graceful welcome. His speech, light, graceful, amusing, was in the best style of after-dinner oratory. Lord Leighton's picture of Persephone escaping from her husband's embrace to that of her mother, was a great feature of that year's

Exhibition, and Bowen created much mirth by his happy allusion to it in connection with a trial which had recently excited great public interest, and in which the right of the husband to the custody of the wife had been in question.

“While one distinguished orator after another has risen in the course of the evening to acknowledge the toast of the particular profession which he adorns, or the special branch of human interest which he represents—while Princes and statesmen, musicians and actors, have come forward in turn to lay what Sir Philip Sidney calls their laurel tribute before the chair of all conquering Art, my pleasure in their performances has been of a mixed kind, and has been clouded over with the pale cast of an after-dinner speaker’s care. What is to be left, I have reflected, for me to say on behalf of all your guests collectively, when all these wise and charming things have already been uttered on behalf of each separate and respective group? Those who have preceded me have rifled all the Graces and pillaged the garden of almost every Muse. Nothing remains for me at all, except that final blessing, which those who speak latest and at the closing hour of an eloquent evening can always find reserved for them at the very bottom of Pandora’s box, a contribution doubly blest, which blesses him who gives and them who take—the quality of an exceptional and rigid brevity. But, Sir Frederic, before the voices of your guests cease, and in anticipation of your own expected words, it is my privilege to propose to you one more toast—the toast of prosperity to this bright and great Academy. In the confusion and

controversy that has overtaken much of modern thought, in the disturbance and displacement of many canons of criticism and old-world standards of moderation, a pessimist might sometimes be tempted to think that Art herself had fallen on evil days, indeed, as Milton says—‘On evil days had fallen and evil tongues’—on evil days in which the æsthetic atmosphere becomes, upon occasion, malarious and infected, and on evil tongues which do not hesitate to proclaim aloud that ugliness and disease themselves have a right to be made immortal, provided only they are sufficiently intense. At such moments this country turns with relief and confidence to her own great painters and great sculptors, past and present, as to men who have never trafficked with the best traditions of their craft, but have been content to live and die in the classical faith, handed down to them by those of whom humanity is proud. But an artist’s noblest function is to create what is beautiful and noble. And with this toast of the Academy, and in especial reference to such a thought, let me, Sir Frederic, couple your name. Accomplishments and gifts cluster round you as naturally as bees are said to have gathered round the infant head of Pindar. But painter, sculptor, and scholar as you are, your countrymen see something in you beyond successful genius; they find in you, with delight, a loyal lover of the beautiful, whose sense of what is exquisite and perfect is always elevated and serene. The fortunes of all English institutions lie ‘in the lap’ or ‘on the knees’ of the gods. I do not observe to-night that you are threatened with extinction by her Majesty’s Government; I do not think even if you had been threatened it would have made very much

difference. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his impassioned speech, has asked whether, although painters can portray the wrongs of women, they have been bold enough to delineate women's rights. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes for an answer to that question he has only to look behind him. *Si monumentum quæris, respice.* I see before me as I address you a great picture of your own which appeals especially to myself as a lawyer. It represents Persephone, Queen of Heaven, returning from her husband's to her mother's embraces, released from an unwelcome honeymoon by the special order of the Court of Appeal, to which I have the honour to belong. I am informed on credible authority—but my sight is too indistinct to admit of my verifying the statement—that in the background, although at an extreme distance, may be seen my learned friends, the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls, looking with pleasure at the liberated captive. Long may you continue, Sir Frederic, to captivate our eyes and charm our ears, by pictures such as those which this year adorn these walls, and by speeches such as those you have to-night addressed to your guests ; and may the day be long distant when you shall cease to be what you long have been, and still are—the gifted and gracious representative of English art.”

In 1892 Bowen was still suffering from the troublesome consequences of his illness.

“I have had a bad time of it,” he writes to Mr. Justice Mathew, in February of this year. “Last week I certainly was much worse ; but I am once again going forward. The terrible weakness that I find the result of influenza,

Butt, apparently, doesn't experience. But some people do ; and one begins to despair of ever getting off the sofa. In other respects I am progressing well enough. I mean to sit next term, *coute que coute*. Like Mrs. Chick, I think efforts must be made."

In the autumn of 1892 Charles Bowen and his wife passed some weeks at Braemar. His companions there observed with pleasure a marked improvement in his health and spirits.

"The shadow of his mortal illness," writes the Warden of Merton, speaking of this period, "hung over him long before its nature was acknowledged ; but I, for one, was deceived by the wonderful recuperative power which he exhibited in 1892. During August of that year I was staying at Braemar, to which he came, partly by my advice, and where he settled with Lady Bowen. . . . This was the last time that I saw him at his best ; and when I remarked his buoyancy of spirits and vigour in walking over the hills, I became quite reassured as to the soundness of his constitution. Judge Hughes and his wife, together with other congenial friends, happened to be there, and he was soon joined by his brother Edward, who accompanied us on several mountain excursions, amongst others in ascents of Lochnagar and Ben M'Dhui, both of which involved several hours' stiff climbing. Bowen declined riding on Lochnagar, and dispensed with his pony for a great part of the way on Ben M'Dhui. After my departure, he made a second ascent of Ben M'Dhui, with other long expeditions. On his return, he looked better than I had seen him, but the effect did not last very long."

Bowen returned to the South greatly benefited by the sojourn at Braemar, but his wife's health was now beginning to give him serious anxiety. Matters grew worse as the winter advanced, and for many months he was haunted by the dread of impending calamity.

In the spring of 1893 it fell to his lot to go upon Circuit, a duty which his wife's prolonged illness rendered especially burthensome. Those who were about him observed with pain the load which was weighing upon his spirits, and the serious effects of mental harassment upon a physique which at the best was barely equal to the calls upon it.

In August of this year Lord Hannen was compelled by failing health to retire from his duties as a Lord of Appeal, and Charles Bowen succeeded to his post. The appointment was heartily welcomed alike by the profession, the public, and the intimate personal circle, who hoped that the comparative lightness of the work might conduce to a restoration of his health, about which many were becoming increasingly anxious. "You need do nothing," said one of his friends, in enjoining this aspect of the case, "but assent to the judgments of your colleagues." "In that case," said Bowen, "I had better take the title of Lord Concurry."

He had, unhappily, no opportunity of showing how impossible such a *rôle* would be to his ardent and conscientious nature. Shortly after his promotion, the Government requested Lord Bowen to undertake a piece of work which lay outside the regular scope of his new duties, but which he did not, on public grounds, feel justified in declining. This was to act on a Commission nominated by the Home Secretary for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of an unfortunate collision between a small body of soldiers and a mob at the Ackton Hall Colliery at Featherstone, the property of Lord Masham, in Yorkshire. In the summer of 1893 the West Riding miners had gone out on strike, and at the close of July some eighty thousand had been thrown out of employment. In September, the concentration of the Police Force at Doncaster for the race week had left the county in an abnormally undefended condition in case of a breach of the peace. At the Ackton Hall Colliery a party of twenty-eight soldiers had found themselves confronted with a mob of some two thousand persons, who threatened to destroy the colliery works. The officer in command ordered a volley, and two persons were killed. The Committee—Lord Bowen, Sir A. K. Rollit, and Mr. R. B. Haldane—

were requested to inquire into the circumstances. The Report is of interest as containing a clear enunciation of the law—not previously free from obscurity—defining the duties of citizens, official and lay, civil and military—in giving aid against actual or apprehended violence at moments of public disturbance. For Lord Bowen's friends, the Report possesses a melancholy interest, for it was his last public work.

He was not, when he undertook the task, in a condition to justify that or any other intellectual or physical effort. He performed it—as every piece of work which fell to his lot—with punctilious care. His address on opening the Inquiry was observed as a type of dignified and self-contained eloquence. The Report itself bears the impress of thoroughness, research, and unwearying solicitude to deal with a grave question as its importance deserved. But it was the work of a man who knew that the close of his labours was near at hand.

Bowen gave but one vote—a silent one—in the House of Lords, in support of the Government in a division on the Employers' Liability Bill.

His health had been declining throughout the year. In the autumn he went to Braemar, the air of which had done him so much good the previous year.

"My dear J. C.," he writes from that place in April, 1893, "I have been at Homburg and over in Scotland among the Covenanters. Not that there is not a corrupt church at Braemar, and the priest thereof is a grand hand at 'curling' in the winter, and much beloved, therefore, by all religious sections."

The result of the visit to Scotland was disappointing. Bowen made several walking-expeditions, and seemed for a while to be gaining strength; but the friends who were with him on both occasions could not but observe a marked deterioration of his bodily powers. He came back ill, and was met by the news that the Master of Balliol lay in a dying condition at Headly Park, the residence of his friend and former pupil, Mr. Justice Wright. Thither Bowen hurried at once, and arrived just in time for an affectionate recognition during Jowett's last remaining hours of consciousness.

The last public occasion on which Charles Bowen took a part was one which I believe that, if he had had the choice, he would have chosen as the crowning act of his life. On December 2, 1893, a meeting was held in the theatre of the University of London, in Burlington Gardens, to consider the form which could most appropriately be given to memorials to the late Master of Balliol. The

Speaker presided. Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University, moved the first resolution, expressing regret at the loss which the country and the University had sustained in the late Master's death. He was seconded by the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Asquith, who pronounced an eloquent and feeling eulogium upon Jowett's character and work. Lord Coleridge next moved a resolution to the effect that the Master's memory should be perpetuated, and his work carried on by raising a fund which might from time to time be applied to maintain, strengthen and extend the educational work of Balliol College. He spoke with all the grace and charm of which he was so perfect a master, of his friend of fifty years—for he had become a Scholar of Balliol on the same day as Jowett became a Fellow—"of the loss which any fast and firm friend feels at the departure of another, and feels not the less because he knows that his own departure is at hand." Lord Bowen seconded the Chief Justice in a speech chiefly directed to explaining the form which it was proposed that the memorial should assume.

"I do not propose," he said, "to add to—by touching to tarnish—the tribute of affectionate and grateful words which have been offered this afternoon to the Master's



memory by those in the State and in the University, who knew him. I desire only to add a few simple words by way of explanation, and, if justification be needed, of justification of the form which this Resolution has taken. This is a unique occasion. When great men pass away, the public retains a grateful sense of their services; and few great men pass away, like the late Master of Balliol, surrounded by an atmosphere of affection which enabled him, at the close of an honoured life, to count his friends, not, as some happy people can, by scores, but by hundreds and thousands. For I will venture to say that there is no part of the British empire in which he had not friends and lovers, who heard of his death with the deepest regret, almost amounting to dismay. This is a unique occasion, because we have here amongst us a large body of those who owe a debt which nothing can repay, and no words describe, to the great College, the maintenance of which was the life work of the late Master. Beyond and outside there is a larger and still more important portion of the world, composed of men of every opinion, of every shade of thought, political and theological, who, differing as they must from the late Master in many respects, are all united in this: that there never has been given in our generation a nobler type of a beautiful and devoted life. To those of us who were Balliol men, not much need be said in favour of the Resolution which Lord Coleridge has proposed. Nothing that we can do for our ancient mother, Balliol College, can wipe out the debt of gratitude we owe her. But of the larger portion of the world outside who are interested in Balliol only as one of the branches of a great

University, perhaps it is not too much to ask that they should trust us with regard to this Resolution, as having been proposed with the sole design of prospering the work to which the late Master gave himself, and of selecting that form of testimonial which would be most grateful to himself, of which no better illustration can be found than the perusal in the morning's papers of the Will of the late Master, in which, after remembering his friends and relations and dependents, he devoted the whole residue of his modest fortune to the advancement of learning in Balliol College. . . . May I say that if the late Master can be touched at all with knowledge of what is passing here, nothing would give him a deeper sense of the affection and sympathy of those friends and pupils and lovers, whom he has left behind, than a proposal such as that embodied in Lord Coleridge's resolution; that he would feel that, in adopting it, we recognized and understood the work which he has done, that the seed which he had sown had fallen upon fertile soil, and the labour of his long and devoted life had not been in vain."

Those who heard Lord Bowen speak noticed with sorrow his air of feebleness and distress. It was his last public utterance and Lord Coleridge's. In a few months both had followed the friend whose loss was now their common sorrow, and whose merits their common theme. Lord Bowen's health began rapidly to give way. Early in the following year, symptoms of the gravest order discovered themselves; and, though it was still possible to

question their full significance, it was scarcely more than a hope against hope that those who knew all could allow themselves to entertain. When the dreadful surmise became a certainty, there seemed still a chance—the last straw for love to catch at—that the progress of the malady might be retarded, and that some months of life might still be spared to him. Lord Bowen resolved that they could best be employed—for himself and for those to whom his life was dearer than it was, probably, to himself—by continuing, so long as it was physically possible, in the discharge of his public duties, and in the social intercourse which his many friendships brought naturally within his reach. For this it was, of course, necessary that his real condition, and its inevitable result, should not be known beyond the narrow circle who could be trusted not to let the dreadful secret become public property. It soon, however, became obvious that this programme—a sad one at the best—was not destined to be realized. The disease made progress too rapid to allow of a hope for the shortest respite. When it became certain that there was no room for hope, and that the end was near at hand, Bowen bowed with fortitude and submission to the overruling Will, and devoted himself to making the period of his

suffering as little gloomy and painful as possible to those around him. The bodily distress incidental to his illness was endured with unwavering serenity. His cheerfulness remained to the last. "In my life," said Sir W. Savory, who was consulted in the last illness, "I have never seen anything so touching as the courteous consideration which that dying man expresses in every word and gesture."

The news of the extreme gravity of Lord Bowen's illness, and of its near and certain issue, came with a painful surprise to many of the friends who, though they knew him to be in bad health, had witnessed his recovery on former occasions, and now were venturing to hope that the vitality of his constitution might carry him through another trial. Only a few weeks before his death did the terrible secret escape, nor did it even then spread beyond a very limited circle. Mr. Gladstone, with whose recently published translation of "Horace" Charles Bowen's last hours of study had been employed, wrote to Lord Rendel a letter of warm sympathy.

"April 8, 1894.

"I cannot help troubling you with a line to say for myself how deeply I feel for you all, and even, let me add, how much more deeply I feel with you all, as to the alarming illness of Lord Bowen and its probable, though,

I would fain hope, uncertain upshot. I cannot help looking at such a man, with regard to the interest which his country and his race have in him. His great profession abounds with able and distinguished men. But I am not sure that there was ever one among them from whom so much was to be hoped as from him, with reference to all those highest interests of mankind which are at stake in the controversies and in the general movement of our unquiet, though most deeply interesting, times. It so often seems as if those were about to be taken early from the world whom the world can least afford to lose. But this is, after all, endeavouring to mend the government of God, whose works and ways are so far beyond our feeble grasp.

"I feel confident that he will look with a Christian eye upon the prospect before him, and that the aid will be found sufficient for him, which has been sufficient for so many that have preceded us, and on which alone we that remain have to rely. Through his great trial may the grace and power of God effectually carry him to the land of rest.

"It would be a satisfaction to learn that his suffering was abated, and I trust that Lady Bowen bears up, and is borne up, under the heavy trial."

Among the letters which Lord Bowen received at this time is one from Lord Coleridge, which the friends of both men, each so close to the end of his journey, will care to have preserved.

"March 4, 1894.

"MY DEAR CHARLIE,

"I do not at all like the message you sent me, though it was dear and good and like yourself to send it.

R

I shall not be back in London from Stafford, where I go on Tuesday, till the 13th or 14th, and then, if you see fit to see me, I shall make my way to you at once. Meanwhile, though you do not need me to tell you, I am constantly thinking of you, and going back in thought to those days, when for years, we almost lived together, and when you were a friend such as I never had but one, and shall never have again. I will not try to write out my heart. You know it already. God bless you, and give you back to those who love you. My love to Lady Bowen.

“Always most affectionately yours,

“COLERIDGE.”

During the early days of April, Charles Bowen's illness made rapid progress, and it became obvious that a few more days must bring the end.

To the privacy of home belong the incidents of those last solemn hours, the remembrance of the sweet serenity with which suffering was endured; the consideration for others, which personal distress seemed only to quicken; the fortitude, and resignation, and, to use his own almost dying words, “profound humility” with which Charles Bowen met his end. To such loving remembrance they may best be left, unspoilt by any attempt to shape them into words. A few messages of affection to some of his friends were the last that reached the outer world. On the morning of April 10th he passed away.

He was buried in Slaugham Churchyard, near the country home where so much of his leisure had been passed. The spot is a lovely one. The churchyard commands a wide sweep of undulating country, studded with the familiar objects of a typical English landscape. The sky was flecked with the clouds and showers of early spring as his friends gathered to his grave, but presently the afternoon became lovely and serene. His son, and his old and faithful friend, the Dean of Westminster, performed the last office of friendship and religion. As the solemn rite proceeded, a skylark sprang into the air, and, as if in unconscious derision of human sorrow, poured out a flood of joyous song, which still rang in our ears as we left him to his long rest. How much brightness and sweetness seemed to many of us to have vanished out of life !

At the same hour, another service was held in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, where a great gathering of Charles Bowen's colleagues and friends assembled to deplore their common loss. One of the officiating clergy was Lord Bowen's much-esteemed friend, the Rev. William Rogers, whose companionship at the Athenæum and elsewhere had been among the pleasures of later life. He too has passed from

amongst us. The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn resolved on a permanent memorial, and an epitaph by the polished pen of Mr. Justice Denman, himself so soon to follow his friend, perpetuates the testimony of Bowen's contemporaries.

In the vestibule of Lincoln's Inn Chapel a marble tablet bears the following inscription :—

“IN MEMORIAM VIRI DILECTISSIMI
CAROLI SYNGE CHRISTOPHERI
BARONIS BOWEN DE COLWOOD
HUIVSCE HOSPITII NUPER E CONSILIIS
CUI ÆQUALES FERE OMNES
PUERO ADOLESCENTI ET ÆTATE FLORENTI
SE IPSOS POSTPONENDOS SENSERUNT
RUGBEIA QUOD ILLUM IN LUDIS ET IN STUDIIS
PRÆSTANTEM INSTITUERIT ADHUC GLORIATUR
OXONIA ILLUM COLLEGIUMQUE SUUM BALLIOLENSE
INTER ALUMNOS LECTISSIMOS COMMEMORANT
ILLUM OMNES JURISPRUDENTIUM ORDINES
COLLEGAM SOCIUM AMICUM
NON MAGIS ELOQUENTIA DOCTRINA SAPIENTIA
QUAM MODESTIA COMITATE ET SALIBUS
EXIMIUM AGNOVERUNT
NULLI QUAM NOBIS FLEBILIOR OCCIDIT
CRUDELI HEV MORBO ABREPTUS
A. D. IV. ID. APRIL
A. S. MDCCCXCIV
ÆTATIS SUÆ LX.”

Rugbeians, old and present, did similar honour to the memory of their school-fellow. Oxford, a few weeks later, added a fitting note of sorrow to the general lament over one of the choicest of her sons. At the Commemoration in June of 1894, Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College, and Public Orator of the University, discharging the traditional duty of his office, mentioned, among other memorable events of the year, his old college friend's death in terms of graceful eulogy.

"Id quoque ægre ferimus, quod denuo Balliolensium vicem dolere oporteat, quibus et Magistrum suum deflere contigerit, et Visitatorem; alterum plenum annis ac laboribus pæne defunctum, alterum tempestivam modo maturitatem assecutum, et summis honoribus ac titulis nuperrime cumulatum.

"Venit mihi in mentem jucundissima CAROLI BOWEN recordatio, quocum ego ipse studiorum communitate et hilari sodalicio quondam fui conjunctus. Quantam spem in optimo illo juvene collocavimus œquales; quantum successum augurari, quanto amore prosequi gaudebamus! Lectissimo illi atque ornatissimo adolescenti, omni lepore et venustate affluenti, Musis amico doctrinæque studiis dedito, nihil fere aliud denegaverat Natura nisi longum vitæ spatium. Dederat sane miram ingenii perspicaciam; dederat facundiam, urbanitatem, elegantiam, ita ut nemo fere in judiciis aut causas melius orare aut leges luculentius interpretari posset. His accedebat summa humanitas ac mores suavissimi; nec verborum gratia deerat nec sermonis

festivitas, seu scribendo vacaret, sive cum sodalibus colloqueretur. Dulcem animam avere atque valere jubemus."

To Lord Coleridge, the loss of Charles Bowen was a grievous personal sorrow.

"On the 20th of March," he writes to Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, "Bowen borrowed a Horace of me, and spoke of a long sick-leave to get rest, and come back to his work really refreshed. I knew he had not a month to live, and that interview was hard work. You, dear old friend, immensely over-rate what I did for him. It was not a tenth, or a hundredth, part of what he did for me; but I did love him with my whole heart, and I thank God for the blessing of his friendship. . . . Jowett might have given an estimate of him, for no one has done so yet; but he has gone first. How Bowen was loved, and how he deserved it!

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

One other expression of affection from Lord Coleridge, dictated during his last illness, and signed with literally a dying hand, came to Lady Bowen a few weeks after her husband's death. Lord Coleridge himself died a few days later.

"Do not suppose, my dear Lady Bowen, that I have forgotten or neglected your very kind letter; it is useless to try to express what the loss of Charles Bowen is to me.

I will not attempt it : I will only say that it is a loss which I feel every day—if I said every waking hour, I should not exaggerate the depth of my feeling for him. For four weeks I have been hovering between life and death ; they tell me now that I shall recover, but if I do, I shall come back into a poorer world, which never can be to me again what it was a couple of months ago."

Here my task ends. Would that the portrait were more worthy of its theme ! I have tried to picture Charles Bowen's temperament—sweet, joyous, affectionate ; instinct with natural gaiety, but crossed with sombre strains of thought and a melancholy mood. Conscious of great powers, which a continued series of successes forbade him to forget, and fired with the ambition to play the part in life for which he felt the capacity, he was haunted, throughout, with the misgivings which are the heritage of thoughtful natures—misgivings as to the scope and limitations of human existence, and the real value of the prizes which life offers. He was haunted, too, by sentiments and motives alien to the sterner stuff of which ambition should be made—delicate consideration for others—courtesy, the outcome of a generous soul—nicety of moral judgment, a fastidious taste. So it was that, in the struggles and rivalries of professional life, he never made an enemy, never provoked a grudge. So,

too, it was that in a wide circle of friends his death was felt as one of the events which irreparably dim the brightness of existence. It was, indeed, to a "poorer world"—poorer in all that stirs the soul to admiration and love,—that we returned the day we laid Charles Bowen in his grave.

INDEX.

Ainger, Rev. Canon, Master of the Temple, 180
 "Alabama Claims," pamphlet on, 105
 America, visit to, 223
 Asquith, Rt. Hon., 134, 236
 Athenæum Club, 177, 188, 202
 Austen Leigh, Rev. A., 35, 52, 60, 79, 83

Ballantine, Sergeant, 125
 Balliol College, 31, 138, 224
 Birmingham Law Students' Society, 165
 Birrell, A., 180
 Blomfield, Rev. A., 35
 Bowen, C. S. C., Lord, birth, 10; school at Lille, 12; at Blackheath, 14; at Rugby, 17; Parker Theological Prize, 20; Latin Essay and Queen's Medal for Modern History, 20; Balliol Scholarship, 20; Rugby Athletics, 23; Oxford, 27; Hertford Scholarship, 43; Ireland Scholarship, 43; Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse, 45; Balliol Fellowship, 51; First Class, 52; Arnold Historical Prize, 54; Oxford amusements, 58; hard work at Oxford, 59; letters to A. A. Leigh, 60, 73, 79, 83; Long Vacations, 62; translations, 65-67; letters to A. A. Leigh, 68; life in London, 76; address to Birmingham Law Students' Society, 76; letter to Craig Sellar, 77; enters Mr.

Christie's chambers, 80; breakdown in health, 82; travels in France and Italy, 82; called to the Bar, 86; engagement, 87; Western Circuit, 88; first sessions, 88; joins the *Saturday Review*, 89; secedes from the *Saturday Review*, 91; marriage, 96; tour to the Riviera, 100; tour to Norway, 100; birth of eldest son, William, 105; Maxwell, 105; Alabama pamphlet, 105; early times at the Bar, 114; birth of Ethel, 117; Truck Commission, 118; Recorder of Penzance, 121; Tichborne Case, 121; appointed Junior Counsel to the Treasury, 132; purchases cottage at Slaugham Common, 137; settles at Colwood, 137; speech at Balliol, 139; tour to Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Constantinople, 142; appointed a Judge, 143; declining health, 144; summer at Llantysilio, 145; letter to Hon. G. Brodrick, 146; appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal, 148; judgments, 157; address to Birmingham Law Students' Society, 165; essay in the *Law Quarterly* on the effect of recent Law Reforms, 169; essay in Mr. Humphrey Ward's Jubilee Volume on "Administration of the Law," 171; Committee of Council of Judges, 172; articles epitomizing its Report, 174; the "Dilettanti" Society, the Athenæum, the

- Literary Society, "The Club," 177; elected Visitor of Balliol College, 224; a visit to Braemar, 231; Lord of Appeal, 232; death, 242
- Bowen, Rev. Christopher, 10; curate of Woolaston, curate of Abbey Church, Bath, St. Thomas, Winchester, 10; Rector of Southwark, 10; death, 226
- Bowen, Edward, 12, 14
 —, E. F., 87
 —, William, 105
 —, Maxwell, 105
 —, Ethel, 117
- Bradley, Dean, 17, 243
- Braemar, visit to, 231
- Brodrick, Hon. George, Warden of Merton, 36, 146
- Bullock Hall, 35, 226
- Butler, Arthur G., 37, 46
- Chamberlain, Right Hon. J., 117
- City of London School, Address to, 217
- Classical Review*, Professor Sellar in, 198
- Cockburn, Chief Justice, 126, 154
- Cole, Rev. W. G., 36, 43, 47
- Coleridge, Lord, 8, 125; letters from, 133, 241, 246
- Colwood, 137
- Congreve, Richard, 37
- Conington, John, 36
- Cook, J. Douglas, editor of the *Saturday Review*, 89
- Cordery, J. C., 35, 63
- Cotton, Rev. G. E. L., Bishop of Calcutta, 17
- Council of Judges, 172
- Cunynghame, H. H., 134
- Daily News* correspondent, collision with, 21
- D'Alton, Count, 11
- Davey, Lord, 36; estimate of Lord Bowen, 148
- "Delphi" prize essay, 54
- Denman, Hon. G., 180, 203; epitaph by, 244
- Dicey, A. V., 50, 52
- "Dilettanti" Society, 177
- Du Maurier, George, 180
- Durham, Lake, Dean of, 33
- Edinburgh Review*, on "Essays and Reviews," 38
- Eliot, Dean of Windsor, 49
- Ellis, Robinson, 18, 25
- "Essays and Reviews," 32
- "Essay Society," 46
- Featherstone Riot Commission, 233
- Fremantle, Hon. and Rev. W., Dean of Ripon, 46
- Fry, Lord Justice, estimate of Lord Bowen, 150
- Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., letter from, 240
- Goschen, Right Hon. George J., 37
- Goslar, life at, 69
- Goulburn, Dr., 24
- Grant, Sir Alexander, 36
- Grant-Duff, Sir M. E., 40, 139, 177
- Graves, Miss Frances Steel, 111
- Green, T. H., 17, 49
- Grillon's, 178
- Hall, H. Bullock, 35, 226
- Hanson, Sir R., 175
- Harcourt, Sir W. Vernon, 89
- Hawkins, Hon. Mr. Justice, 126
- Herbert, E. H. C., 35
- Hereford, Bishop of, J. Percival, 52
- "Historicus," 107
- Holland, T. E., Chichele Professor of International Law, 52
- Hope, Mr. A. J. Beresford, 90
- Hughes, T., 110, 231
- James, Mr. H., 180
- Jenkyns, Dr., 31

- Jex-Blake, Rev. T. W., Dean of Wells, 23, 168
 Jowett, B., Master of Balliol, 7, 31; Commentary on Pauline Epistles, 32; attacks on, 40; "Essays and Reviews," 32; letter to C. Bowen, on his marriage, 87; letter from, 93, 226; death of, 235; memorial meeting to, 235
 Judgments, Lord Bowen's, 157
- Kenealy, 127
 King, J., 60
- Lake, Dean of Durham, 33
Law Quarterly Review, 169
 Lecky, Mr. W. E. H., 180
 Leighton, Lord, 227
 Liddon, Canon, 180
 Lincoln, Rector of, Merry, 35, 64, 245
 Lincoln's Inn Chapel, memorial service at, 243; inscription on tablet in vestibule of, 244
 Literary Society, 177, 180
 London, life in, 76
 Lushington, Godfrey, 23
 Lyall, Sir A., 180
- Mackonochie Case, the, 134
 Magrath, Provost of Queen's, 50
 Mahaffy, Professor, on popular education, 219
 Maine, Sir H., 91
 Manning, Cardinal, 51
 Mark Pattison, 60
 Master of Balliol. See Jowett
 Mathew, J. C., Hon. Mr. Justice, 126; letters to, 147, 186, 235; estimate of Lord Bowen, 154
 Merry, Dr., 35, 64, 245
 Merton, Warden of, 231
 Milman, Archibald, 100
 Morley, Rt. Hon. J., 50
- Nettlefold and Chamberlain, 117
 Newman at Balliol, 35, 63
- Nightingale, Miss, 46
 Norway, tour in, 100
 Novel-reading, address on, 217
- Oakley, John, Dean of Manchester, 49
 Orator, Public, at Oxford, 245
 "Old Mathew," a Wordsworthian parody, 130
 Oxenham, H. N., 46, 141
 Oxford, Reform movement at, 40; state of parties at, 40; Newman, J. H., 29
 "Oxford Essays," 38
- Palmer, Rev. Archdeacon E., 34, 43
 Parker, C. S., 46
 Parker Theological Prize, 19
 Parry, Sergeant, 126
 Pattison, M., 60
 Pearson, Charles H., 30, 37
 Percival, Rev. J., Bishop of Hereford, 52
 Pollock, Chief Baron, 115
- Rendel, J. M., 87
 Rhoades, H. T., 17
 Riddell, tutor at Balliol, 33
 Rogers, Rev. W., 187, 243
 Royal Academy Dinner, speech at, 227
 Royal Commission, reforms at Oxford, 39
 Rugby Dinner, 175
- Salisbury, Lord, 236
 Sanders, T. C., 36
Saturday Review, 84, 88
 Savory, Sir W., 240
 "Sebastopolis," Oxford Prize Poem, 45
 Sellar, A. Craig, 35, 53; letter to, 94, 119; death of, 224
 Sellar, Professor W. G., 199
 Selwyn, Rev. E., 14
 Smith, Goldwin, 37
 Smith, Henry J., 34

-
- Speaker, The, 236
Spectator newspaper, 34, 92, 176
 Stanley, Arthur, Dean of Westminster, 91; letter to, 95
 Stanley, Hon. L., 50
 Stanley of Alderley, Lady, 110
 Steele, Lady, 11
 Stephen, Sir J. F., 91, 117
 Swinburne, A., 50

 Tait, Dr., 26
 Tichborne Case, 121
 Tichborne, Sir John, 121
 Totnes Bribery Commission, 117
 Translations, 65-67
 — of "Eclogues" and "Æneid," 194
 Truck Act Commission, 118

 Union Debating Society, Oxford, 49;
 Bowen, President of, 49

 Valescure, visit to, 226
 Venables, George S., 89, 180
 Venice, Prize Poem on, 19
 Verses of the Wayside, 204
 Virgil, "Eclogues" and "Æneid,"
 Translation of, 194

 Walpole, Mr. Spencer, 180
 Walsall Literary Society, Address to,
 217
 Ward, Mr. H., 170
 Warre, Rev. Dr., 35
 Wedgwood, Mrs., 117
 Wells, Dean of, 23, 168
 Westminster, Dean of, 17, 95, 243
 Wodehouse, E., M.P. for Bath, 52
 Working Men's College, Address to,
 219
 Wright, Mr. Justice R. S., 119

THE END.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



WHEAT AND TARES.

CHRONICLES OF DUSTYPUR.

THE CŒRULEANS: A VACATION IDYLL.

THE HERIOTS.

SIBYLLA.

EARL CANNING: A BIOGRAPHY.

